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BENEFITS OF THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

BY M. H. DE YOUNG.

NOW that the California Midwinter International Exposition has been successfully launched, it is far more interesting to speculate upon its probable effects than to discuss what led to the conception of the idea. No doubt the observation of the fact that a large collection of fine exhibits from all countries of the globe was ready to be drawn upon gave the primary impulse to the thought that California might have an exposition; but I am inclined to think that the consideration that an imperative necessity existed that something should be done to rescue the city of San Francisco from a commercial collapse was the controlling motive.

It is not difficult to recall the condition of affairs that existed in this city in June last. Distrust and apprehension filled the public mind. In common with the rest of the country, we were on the verge of a financial panic. Now that we have safely weathered the storm we may refer to facts which were not openly spoken of at the time although they were recognized by those who felt the business pulse of the city. Well-informed men clearly saw that unless something was done to divert the public mind from the contemplation of an impending trouble a panic must ensue which might sweep away the soundest financial and business concerns.

I think it was a clear apprehension of the existing state of affairs that caused the suggestion to hold a Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco to be taken up and pushed with energy. Had the idea been thrown out at another time, for instance while the city was enjoying the fullest degree of prosperity, the argument that it would be idle to attempt to get up a great Fair immediately upon the closing of Chicago's wonderful Exposition might have proved too much for the suggestion. But, when men are keenly in earnest to arrest a real or fancied danger, ridicule or fear of failure has few terrors. To all dissuading arguments the answer was promptly made that it could not injure California to make the attempt to hold an exposition, and that the fruits of success would be all the more appreciated because of the obstacles overcome.

This was the proper spirit to display and it explains why so great an undertaking has been successfully carried out in so brief a period. It must not be lost sight of that in exactly five months from the day of breaking ground in Golden Gate Park the Executive Committee of the California Midwinter Exposition was enabled to formally open a fair which many competent critics pronounce second only to those of Chicago and Paris, and fully abreast of the Centennial Exposition of 1876 back of which was the national credit and all the patriotic feeling of the United States.

It is not only the brief period in which this great work was accomplished that is striking; the manner of its accomplishment is equally im-

pressive. The beautiful buildings and gardens that now adorn the Midwinter Exposition grounds were called into existence without the gift of a single dollar from the nation, State, or municipality. All the money expended has been derived from voluntary subscriptions or from the letting of concessions the presence of which contributes to the success of the enterprise.

M. H. DE YOUNG, DIRECTOR-GENERAL MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Californians may not appreciate the magnitude of this feat. Those who daily observe the growth of a thing are very apt to underestimate its importance. There is nothing truer than the adage that "familiarity breeds contempt," and a too intimate acquaintance with an object often makes us overlook its beauty and underrate its value. But while we may take the creation of a city of one hundred beautiful buildings in five months as a simple thing, the outside world does not do so. In the East and in other parts of the world the performance is commented upon as something wonderful; and while Congress, with a timidity that was somewhat amusing, feared to do anything for the California Midwinter Exposition, lest its action might be construed into giving the enterprise a national character, distinguished Americans and prominent journals are now felicitating themselves that they live in a country so great and with such vast resources, that the holding of two World's Fairs within a twelvemonth of each other is possible.

I think I may say, with safety, that no achievement of recent days will give so much satisfaction to the patriotic American as the successful promotion of the Midwinter Exposition.

It will enable the orator to point to the striking fact that the United States is the only country in the world that could venture upon running two expositions in a year and to emphasize the vastness of his country by calling attention to the fact that in less than three months after the greatest fair of modern times closed its gates in Chicago another great fair was opened in San Francisco, twenty-three hundred miles distant.

That eulogies of this kind will reflect glory upon California and redound to the benefit of her people goes without saying. It will be impossible for the friendly critic to praise the achievement without, at the same time, acknowledging the fact that only an enterprising and progressive people could have accomplished such results. And with this will come the further reflection that even the most energetic and enterprising of peoples would be powerless to accomplish great things unless they had the material means with which to bring them about. And this reflection has already produced gratifying fruit, as any one may discern who has any acquaintance with the Eastern press. The journals of that section are now teeming with articles describing our enormous and varied resources, and the prediction is being made that, having all the elements within our boundaries to make an empire, we may expect in the near future to contest supremacy with the State that now bears the proud title of the Empire State of the Union.

That the outcome of favorable comments such as these I have referred to must be a largely increased immigration to California of home-seekers is inevitable. The ancient Hebrews, whose poets sang of the lands flowing with milk and honey, filled their hearers with the yearning to occupy them, —and in like manner will the readers of the effusions of the Eastern editors inspire the people of that section to escape to a land where the conditions of life are less harsh and the promises of reward greater than in the older and more crowded parts of the Union.

A GREETING.

BY FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER.

Now in midwinter, see! the buds unfold;
The yellow poppies open, one by one;
The mountain streams, bound by no despot cold,
Flash through the woods, rejoicing as they run.
A most fair land: it is the land of gold;
It is the land of pleasure and the sun,
Pacific as the waters round it rolled.
Come hither all ye wretched, wronged, foredone.

Here Freedom dwells and all men worship her.
Throned in the west she sendeth from afar
Words of goodwill, a radiant messenger
Of love to all, the holiest avatar.
Peasant, and prince, and you, philosopher,
Sail bravely in across the Golden Bar.
Leave mooning o'er the past and days that were,
Behold the triumph of the days that are.

THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION PASSING THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS ON OPENING DAY AT THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

FIRST DAYS OF THE GREAT FAIR.

BY MORRIS SHELTON.

THE twenty-seventh of January was a great day for the Pacific States — the day on which the California International Midwinter Exposition was formally declared to be open.

Nature was kind—the heavens were free of clouds, and the sunshine was delightfully warm. More agreeable weather could not have been desired. Early morning found the streets of San Francisco unusually thronged, and by the time the procession formed in the heart of the city preliminary to the march to the Fair-grounds the leading down-town thoroughfares bore evidence of deep popular interest in the opening of Sunset City. The crowd commenced to gather within the gates hours before the ceremonies began, and thousands lingered until the closing of the grounds. The attendance for the day exceeded 70,000 persons.

Those who were of the 70,000 found the Exposition very incomplete, though far advanced for the time devoted to the work. Five months had elapsed since the ground-breaking ceremonies, and five months are few for so vast an undertaking as getting an international exposition under way when the commencement lies in a 160-acre wilderness of sand and underbrush. The progress made, everything considered, had been wonderful. Not only had the grounds been well graded and placed in readiness for the gardeners whose art will make the place most charming before

spring has faded into summer, but two complete water systems had been put in operation, a system of sewerage completed, four miles of walks and railways built, and dozens of buildings erected—some of them the most extensive ever constructed in the West. Moreover, the three great exhibition buildings which face the Grand Court had been crowded with objects of interest gathered from the four quarters of the globe.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG, WHO, ON JANUARY 27TH, PRESSED THE ELECTRIC BUTTON WHICH SET IN MOTION THE MACHINERY AT SUNSET CITY.

The incompleteness observed was in this: that order had not yet been brought out of the mass of exhibits nor the best effects out of the land-

scape work. I am writing nearly a month later, and much the same thing should be said now; but it commences to be clear that by the middle of March or the first of April grounds and buildings will have lost those disagreeable appearances which just forerun the exit of the carpenters, the decorators, and the lawn-rollers.

The incompleteness notwithstanding, the Fair must be deemed already a signal success; and they who have spent the most time within its precincts are most positive in saying this. Even these first days, dashed with rain though they be, are days of profit and pleasure.

It seems no exaggeration to say that one can spend a week in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building alone. I have lingered for two days in the Austro-Hungarian section, let me confess, and I have n't yet concluded my study of the fine collection of keramics and glassware shown there. Perhaps I 'm dreadfully ignorant or hopelessly a crank, however, so I forbear making an estimate based on my own experience or inclinations and conservatively place the limit at one week.

The floor-area of this building is about 175,000 square feet, and not an inch has been wasted. Exhibits are too much crowded, in fact, to be seen to advantage. Of all the foreign nations Russia takes the lead for extent and elaborateness of exhibits. She has a pavilion with a frontage of nearly 200 feet and a depth of 76 feet, and her exhibit comprises a great variety of objects, including furs valued at $1,000,000 and three exquisite mosaic cabinets belonging to the Empress of Russia. The Russian section is yet chaos, however, and one can see little there save suggestions of what will be. Italy has been less backward—her exhibit is complete, the opening ceremonies having been held on the 17th of February. It is an exhibit quite characteristic of the Italians, abounding in sculptures, mosaics, wood-carvings, jewelry, and *bric-à-brac*. Some of the specimens of carved and inlaid furniture are really superb. France is another of the laggards. With an abundance of room for a good showing she has thus far made little use of it; but we are promised much for the future. The display of china and cut-glass in this section is very interesting and some of the laces already on exhibition are worthy more than passing attention. I can 't refrain from wondering why our French friends, fond as they are of light and grace and gayety, have given their section the sombre aspect of an undertaker's parlors. The general effect is genuinely depressing. Near the French section is that of Germany. Here, again, incompleteness stares at one from every side, not more than half the exhibits being yet in place. England has made better progress, but Ireland is still in the boxes. By-the-way, the display of old silverware in the English section is the best ever seen in the West, and is deserving of careful inspection. So, too, the East Indian exhibit of *bric-à-brac* and tapestries.

The Hall of Mechanical Arts and Industries is another building in which one may linger profitably. The entire eastern side of the great structure is occupied by electrical machines—the most extensive collection ever gathered under one roof west of Chicago. All the large electric companies, excepting the Westinghouse concern, are represented, so that the opportunities for comparisons are excellent. The machines are all in operation, and the spectacle is decidedly impressive. One of the most interesting of the plants thus exhibited is that of the General Electric Company, showing a water-wheel operating a generator whose current runs a motor which drives another generator, the second generator moving a percussion drill. Other of the machines driven by electricity operate the pumps supplying the fountains in the fair-grounds, while some are devoted to the work of supplying the electric

SCENE IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN, SUNSET CITY.

lights used throughout the grounds and buildings. The pumps for operating the electrical fountain in the Grand Court have a capacity of more than 12,000,000 gallons a day. Persons interested in minerals have thus far had no reason to complain, for in this building is a display of minerals and mining machinery which could easily hold the attention of the student for days. Montana, Utah, Nevada, and Canada are to be well represented, but thus far their exhibits are not ready for inspection. California, however, leaves little to be wished for. The Consolidated Miners' Committee has a display occupying about one-half of the ground floor of the vast building, every mining district being represented and well represented at that. A stamp mill illustrates the most approved way of crushing and working ores, amalgamating pans, settlers, retorts, etc., being in operation. Cinnabar mining and milling are also to be practically illustrated a little later. The latest methods of treating rebellious ores are shown, and quartz mills are running.

The Californians are so used to seeing the fruits, flowers, and vegetables which flourish in their State that to them the Hall of Horticulture and Agriculture, crowded though it is with superior exhibits, is, comparatively, wanting in interest. Our Eastern guests, however, have been spending most of their time there among the oranges, and prunes, and pumpkins, and they declare the exhibition to be marvelous. Emory Smith, Chief of the Department of Horticulture and Agriculture, has truthfully said: "The horticultural and agricultural displays made in the Philadelphia, Paris, and Chicago expositions, while covering a larger space and having the entire world to draw from, scarcely represented more industries, and assuredly had no finer exhibit than can be found in this building. It will be a wonderful surprise to many persons from the pet rural districts of other States and countries to find that California has not boasted in vain in claiming that she produces almost every useful thing that is grown under the sun." I speak of the Horticultural and Agricultural Building as of one Californian in its exhibits because the displays from other States and lands are comparatively insignificant. Spain, France, Germany, Canada, England, and Portugal are represented, but California seems everywhere, after all.

The collection of pictures in the Palace of Fine Arts is superior to anything ever before gathered in this portion of the globe, and the galleries are nearly all quite ready for inspection. California is represented by the work of sixty artists, about one hundred paintings being in the section reserved for this State. The Polish section contains the entire Polish collection exhibited at Chicago, and in the Russian gallery are shown several of the best of the Russian paintings hung in the White City. England, France, and the United States are also represented. Spain is to have a gallery a little later, I believe.

In the Grand Court the electrical fountain and the lofty tower challenge admiration. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful spectacle than the great fountain by night, with waters thrown high in air and glowing with all the colors of the rainbow; and, when the fountain is playing and the tower is a mass of flame and the vast buildings are gleaming with thousands of tiny lights, the court is truly charming—all the crudity of the scene is gone; even that fearfully grotesque statue of Columbus does not much offend. Dnring the evenings of May and June a stroll there will be delightful.

And then the scores of minor attractions—the county buildings, the Vienna Prater, the Indians, the Burning Mountain of Kilauea, the Esquimau village, the '49 Mining Camp, the Egyptians and the Turks, the Scenic Railroad, the—but no! the list is too long for me. One must see for one's self.

SOME CITIZENS OF SUNSET CITY.

BY BARBARA RIDENTE.

AT Sunset City the nations of the earth are found thrown one on top of the other with a splendid disregard for the proprieties of sequence and accuracy. Race, color, temperament, religion, history—anything which makes a dividing line between different members of the human family—are thrown as rubbish to the void. Yaquis and Egyptian, Sioux and Japanese, Hawaiian and Tyrolese, Flemish and Arabian, Mexican and Esquimau, Turk and Hungarian, there they are together, in their habits as they live, as in a geographical kaleidoscope. And we take it all

ARAB BOY

TYROLESE GIRL, VIENNA PRATER.

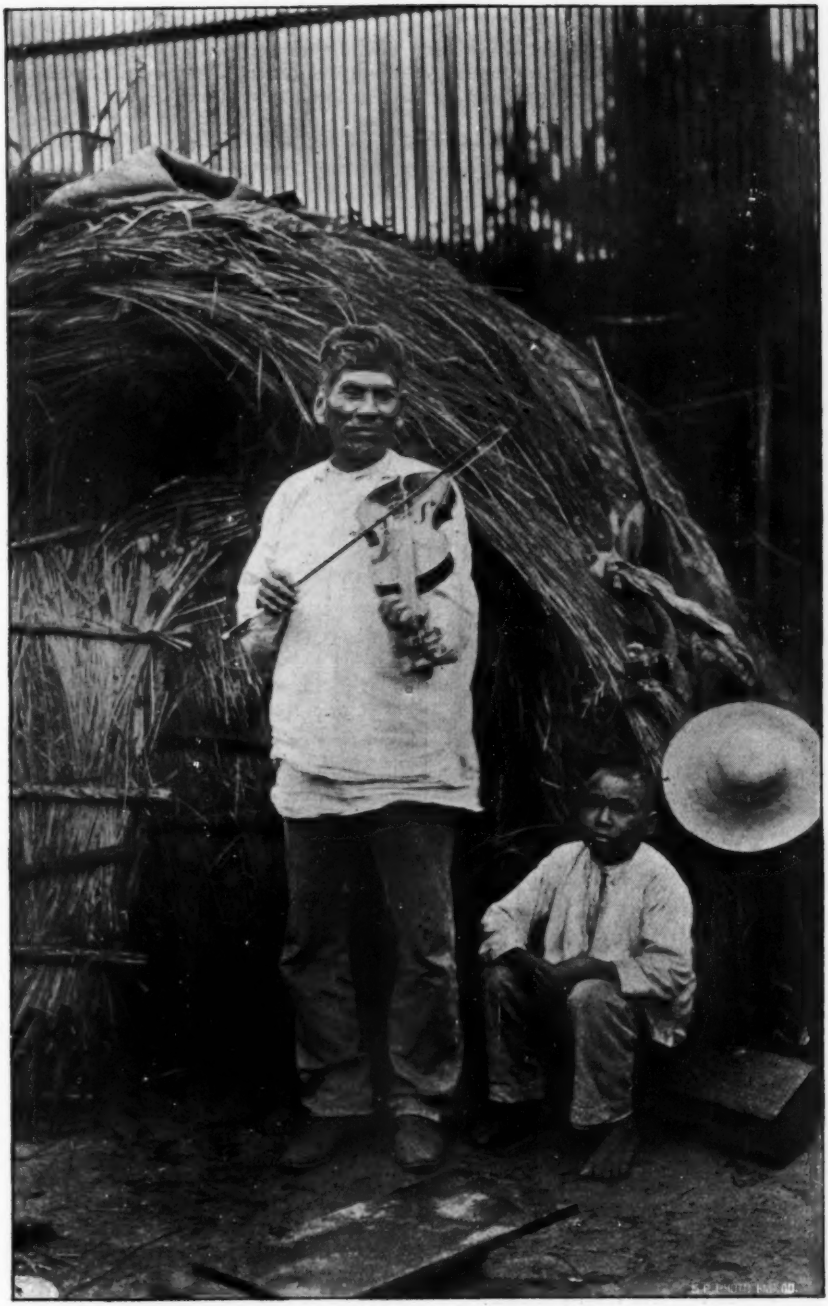
with the same unconcern that we take the queer freaks of a dream.

In the Vienna Prater are the Tyrolese peasants, who sing and dance in front of a strange and fearful production of paint and canvas which is said to be "Vienna as it was." It is well for Vienna that it is that way no longer. But never mind—the Tyrolese peasants have golden hair and rosy cheeks, and sing with a wonderful cheerfulness. The women's bodices are covered with chinking tablets of silver, and the men wear the real Tyrolese steeple hat with its one green feather. And for all the world they look as if cut out of one of the big canvases of De Fregger.

Just beyond the hall of "Papa Seidle" is the Hungarian Czarda or Gypsy Tavern. It is a pretty little gabled house, with a stork's nest in the chimney. The best thing in the Prater is the greeting over the door of the Czarda; in Hungarian it is "*Isten Hozott*," which, being translated, is "God brought you." Under this legend plays an unconventional orchestra of Hungarian gypsies with four violins, a cello, and a horn; they make wonderful music, with all the weird and eerie tricks of expression which Liszt found among the folk-songs of his own people. The maids in attendance wear Hungarian costumes of white cotton, and their black hair hangs down bedizened with bits of red and green ribbons.

Around the corner, under the Firth wheel and in the shadow of the burning volcano, is the grassy village of the Hawaiians. Sugar-cane, reeds, rushes, and the strange fibrous grasses that are made into little huts and houses are the only pretty things Hawaii has to show. The men look mean and sordid in civilized garb. The women are unspeakable in their scanty skirts, brown waists, and tawdry gaudy wreaths of cotton flowers. They are sulky and uncivil, seeming

ONE OF THE CITIZENS.



YAQUIS INDIANS AT SUNSET CITY.

to have lost all the gentle ways for which their race is famed. One does not marvel at this after witnessing one dance.

How different is the merry set up at the '49 Camp! In the bare-raftered hall, with gunny-sacks for curtains and lamps for chandeliers, there 's a touch of joy that flashes through the place and possesses every soul. Who enters here leaves woe behind. In spite of the bald, plain surroundings there 's not a sordid thing in all that village. It breathes of life and daring and the splendid energies that come of fighting Nature on her own grounds. The miners are fine virile noisy fellows; and many an on-looker sees before him the type of a not far-distant ancestor. The Mexican girls are imps of life and fire. And when the fandango is danced there is a hey-dey of twinkling feet and flying *rebosas*. There are so few accessories to the place—it is all so thoroughly uncivilized, that the people are joyous like they were before "the Children of To-morrow" came with fads and hopes and ideals and things which change the earth's face. Yet nothing is there to suggest the Corybantes or Bacchantes in the dance. It is merely the natural gayety that comes of good spirits and the "*sans souci*" of southern Europe. That is why everyone is cheerful in the Camp. The spirit of the place is the one stroke that makes the whole world kin.

AS SEEN IN WHITE CLOUD'S VILLAGE.

There 's a joy forever just outside the Camp and down the hill a bit, among Dr. White Cloud's wild Indians. The Indians are said to be wild; and it is truly a wild figure they cut as they trot in single file through the streets of Sunset City, led by Apache George, a long-haired brave with a Van Dyke hat and a face like a cameo. They don't worry over beauty, being attired, as a rule, in red and yellow canton flannel trousers and blouses, with waving yards of fringe flopping gaily about them. The pale-face visitors from afar stand back mute-mouthed and meek, as the fierce flannel-clad wards of the Government rush by uttering uncanny whoops and imitating the cries of animals in the woods. They gather in a circle, and the great Medicine Man jumps into the middle. He madly chases himself around until he is all tangled up—feathers and fringe and flying locks. The music of the tom-tom and the drum gets worse and worse and louder and more loud until, with one accord, they wildly whoop and chase Apache George inside. Then you have to pay to see the rest.

An Indian dance, however exhilarating and interesting, would lend itself sadly to reproduction on a vase or a frieze. And after watching all their dances—of the Moon and the Sun, of the Snake and the Scalp and the

Ghost—it really seems that their solemn immobile faces tell stories on them. for they are like frolicsome cubs and overgrown boys at play. A person in search of a fad might have a nice time determining how it is that small Caucasian children have for sport the solemn religious ceremonies of the stately red man. The "Snake dance" is only a grown up game of "Crack the Whip," wherein the end boy rolls far upon the grass, snapped from his companions by the momentum of their headlong whirl-

BEDOUIN WOMAN, JUST FROM THE DESERT.

CARMEN MARTINEZ, THE MOST GRACEFUL DANCER AT THE '49 MINING CAMP.

ing, only the end Indian does not roll on the grass. He just keeps up a spin in the middle of the stage. The "Sun dance," wherein the Indians salute the source of light and heat, is only an awkward imitation of "a ring around a rosy." The braves form a circle around the squaws (who squat on the ground) and mumble a wierd refrain, meanwhile keeping up a continuous shuffling of feet. The men have handsome faces, and their toggery and feathers are fine; but, being a little flat-footed and having a tendency to knock their knees, the effect is not one to be admired by the Vere de Veres. This is particularly true of the "Moon Dance," a sprightly edition of the "hop, skip and jump," of our infancy, with a promiscuous "tag" thrown in, though no one ever seems to be "it." But it is rare sport, all the same, watching these untutored children of the woods.

Next door in the cactus garden are representatives of another race. They are Mexican aborigines, and refuse to recognize or run with their cousins in canton flannel. These are the Mayo and Yaquis Indians, who have to themselves a whole village of tiny straw-covered huts. They speak Spanish, and their one grievance is that Sunset City has been wet sometimes, which

has necessitated the wearing of "*La patos*."

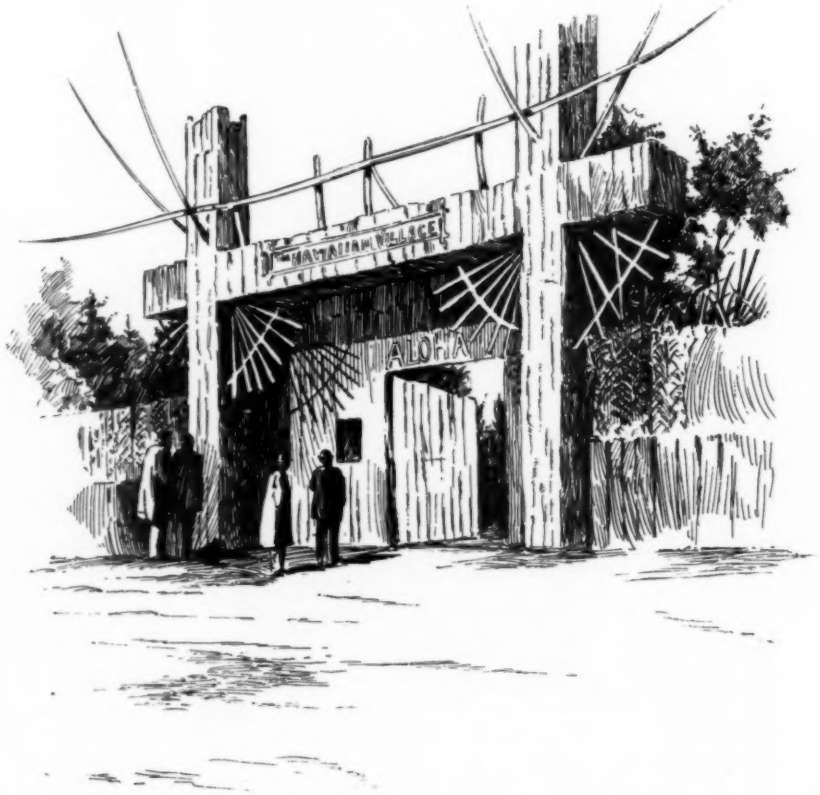
If life had not taught us differently, Sunset City would surely make us believe that we are on this globe just to dance. They all dance out there, and there is nothing else there *but* dancing; and life's tune is all the merrier for this continual stamping of feet and clapping of hands and "keeping time," generally.

In the center of the Arizona village is a mound of hardened ground, whereon an Indian yclept Juan Battista beguiles the shining hours by jumping up and down and making marvelous gyrations, in time with quaint jig music made by two ancient and venerable Indians. They play upon a tiny, sweet-voiced violin and a queer-looking harp, both of which are home-made. Juan Battista, from his ankle to his knee, is decorated with bracelets of white seed-pods, which click and rattle pleasantly to the ear as he steps his measures on

THEY HAIL FROM CAIRO.

his heap of hardened sand. The chief of this band is a tall, straight man, with a handsome face and the quiet of the Sphinx in every line and feature. He has some trouble to keep his wards in good spirits. They become sullen sometimes, and retreat into the smoky depths of the straw huts. Then there is distress abroad, because people come in to see the Indians, and the Indians are in hiding. But Providence intervenes: a squabble among the papooses, a fresh influx of visitors, a wheedling word from the stalwart chief or a meek remonstrance from Mr. Dobs, the manager of the village, and out they come, all smiling and pleasant.

So the kaleidoscope keeps turning, and every step you take carries you among a fresh nation and a fresh tribe. The "Children of To-morrow" should go to Sunset City, for there they will find the thing for which they pray most—shreds and patches of the human family knitted together, till it seems out there like the Brotherhood-of-Man dream realized.



ENTRANCE TO HAWAIIAN VILLAGE, MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

IN THE FINE-ARTS BUILDING.

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS.

"YES, he has gone to Paris to learn technique. When he returns he will have forgotten art."

I was somewhat startled by the above sentiment voiced at a lunch recently given in San Francisco to an artist about to depart for other places. What did the speaker mean if he meant anything? Did he speak with authority or merely quote without understanding?

Lifting my eyes from the table my gaze met that of a fair gifted one opposite. "What do you think of that?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "if the guest were an artist, I would say he was talking shop; but not being one I may perhaps forgive him later, provided he admits the painter's technique to be an art in itself."

At the time I believed the prophet had confounded artless expression with art. Now I am prepared to say that by "technique" he meant a certain offensive method of brush work frequently used, I believe, to cover a woeful lack of knowledge of material construction.

Though quite sure our friend would get technique in Paris, the guest could venture nothing but a possibility if the artist were to remain at home.

Even though the danger may be greater abroad, what then?

Well, perhaps it would be better for some to cling to Eureka's apron-strings; but, after all, is one in whom the artistic spark is so weak as to be endangered by a little vigorous fanning worthy the flutter?

Whistler, "that unscrupulous dauber," as Ruskin names him, tells us that technique is the art which conceals art. I am not sure at the moment whether Whistler meant us to believe that technique is an art apt to confuse the average critic or to have us understand that method of expression should be subservient to the thing expressed; but I am confident he wished us to put the two together, call the result art, and leave it so.

I have in my possession a drawing of a child, from the hand of a Parisian model—an artist entirely unschooled in the ordinary sense. I prize it very much—not because there is great art in it, but for a certain simplicity of means and the childlike qualities of the little figure it represents. True, the drawing was accidental and the draughtsman could not have repeated the performance; but the qualities are there—the sentiment of nature. It is this that has always appeared to me to be the true end of an artist's endeavors—to give us wittingly with the simplest means that which has sometimes been given us unconsciously. Herein lies the great danger to the unschooled artist (by schooled I would not have in mind the routine of the academy). His successes are likely to give him a larger head than nature ever intended, if he be mentally weak, or fill him with discouragement as to further endeavors if he be earnest.

Therefore, by all means, give the artist-to-be every opportunity to reach out for knowledge (as a curative or an incentive, as the case may be) where he can best get it, regardless of danger, for danger lies everywhere. If he be wise in his day he will find the place where there is at least some recompense other than promise.

That place at the time being is Paris. Tokio or maybe San Francisco will do as well sometime, but not now, please. San Francisco, however, is able to prepare him for the long and arduous race for art.

The painter's business is to paint,

and when he has obtained that control over his art which enables him to reveal the sentiment of nature, I can conceive of no truer or better motive than the attainment of that object. He perceives and conceives, and conceives as he perceives—as Kenyon Cox puts it; therefore, the exercise of his art must be a mental effort and not a purely mechanical process, as writers like Hamerton would lead us to believe. Hamerton and critics who take side with him are inclined to base their judgment of the intellectuality of a painter on his choice of subjects or, more strictly speaking, the title of his work, rather than on the success or failure of an æsthetic endeavor. They will not or can not comprehend that the art of painting is based upon observed facts in nature, laws not rules; is restricted by the means employed; and fails entirely only when the painter is absent. Further, a dissertation on the subject-matter of a picture is not a critical essay upon it as a work of art.

In speaking of Manet, Hamerton, in a *naïf* way, reveals to us his inability to grasp the intellectuality of the man through the work of the artist. "Personally," he says, "he did not appear to be wanting in mental acumen, but had a sharp, keen look." Hamerton ought to have known that on sight of Manet's works—*voilà tout*.

My editor could hardly have expected me to write all the foregoing—quite the contrary. He wished me to select some picture in the "Fine-Arts Palace" at the Midwinter Exposition and tell why I like it—a difficult thing to do, I find. It is much easier to express one's dislikes than one's likes—almost a confession, I fear; but the reader will remember that a preceding generation—one of growlers—invented the vocabulary of art criticism and will charitably favor me accordingly.

What I have already written may possibly have some interest as indicating my point of view.

The California room I like as a whole. It is without doubt far and away the best exhibit of our artists' work ever brought together, and seems at the moment to cover well the best ground from "The Antiquarian," a fine example of Jules Tavernier, to the present. As a defense of the jury which made the selections it is sufficient, and as an answer to the carping critic who will garrulously insist that the desire of young Californians to go abroad is a fad and not an earnest desire to have their art broader than our provincialisms, I deem it final.

First, in my search for that picture, I ran across two canvases from the brush of Manet; but we will leave them to others, except in this much: you may not see so much blue in nature as the so-called impressionistic school gives us; but, on the other hand, did you ever see the brown which some others have given us from time to time? You have become habituated to the latter, possibly, but what are you going to do about the former—the blue? For myself I feel that this particular phase of art sacrifices too much for a problem—the vibration of light and color; but I am not prepared to discuss the issue. Do the two Manets give us more or less than the landscapes by Corot and D'Aubigné hanging in the place of honor in the same room? Answer the question in your own way. My quest carries me in a different direction.

I had thought to be much impressed by the Russian and Polish exhibits—had expected to see works characterized by native ruggedness and strength rather than refinement.

Ambitious but uncertain, were the words which sprang to my lips.

Sensationalism takes such a prominent place in these two sections that it destroys the truth of much of the work and hurried me away. Brutality under a calcium light, and not realism in art is the phrase which fits the picture called "The Crucifixion." I did not stop long enough to catch the

artist's name. A picture hanging in the Russian section—painted in the most knowing way and the realization of artificiality in both sentiment and art—is called "The Bride's Toilet," this work by La Touche? If there is I have failed to find it. It is the sentiment of nature. What more can one ask? And it is not heralded by that offensively cheap bit of officialism in

LA TOUCHE'S "LE JOUR DE FETE."
Sketched by Arthur F. Mathews.

I believe, and I wish my readers to take a good look at it as a foil to my choice—"Le Jour de Féte," painted by Gaston La Touche.

Is there a fresher bit of nature and art from the brush of a modern artist, so-called, hanging in the galleries than art—the everlasting *medaille*. We have a picture all aglow with warm sunlight—no bitumen, no blue that distresses—sunlight only. In a room of some old French country house is a table all set and ready for a feast and no doubt of it—that is why

the painter put the table in front. My choice has nothing in it which disturbs its even way or flies from the surface of things; and one may join a group like the one it pictures and not be worried by some fidgety thing or person — though I did feel when there the general air of awkwardness and constraint which so often envelops a company just assembling, or before the ice is broken. The painter has been exceedingly happy in catching the atmosphere of the place and time and the general as well as the individual poise of shyness. His people are honest simple folk little used to social affairs; but you may depend npon it that when the young peasant girl shall have finished primping the old gentleman, gets out of the way, and gives the children a chance to tip over that bowl of water standing so dangerously near the edge of the frame, all will go well and merry as the much-mentioned marriage bell.

They do say that French painting is *chic*, not art. *Chic* may mean clever, stylish or false, just as you use it. Certainly "La Jour de Féte" is not clever, though full of cleverness in the use of the means of art to tell a truth; it is not stylish, yet is full of style; it is not false, surely, for what could be more honest and true than this simple rendering of a bit of humanity and nature? We need no learned essay on the title from the pen of a worthy *litterateur* to explain a meaning hidden even from the painter—in fact we do n't much care what the artist calls it, except for the sake of giving it place in the catalogue.

If I have any fault to find with the canvas it is with the lower portion, which is not well sustained and lacks interest to the painter as well as to others. The cloth as it falls over the edge of the table is papery and the floor lacks solidity. A little more art in its treatment would have made the lower half hold better with the upper half, without making it a whit more obtrusive. Finding fault! We had better stop and leave the work as the artist gave it to us. It is hard, I know, to bend to an artist's will, but is it not better than obeying the leading-strings of the professional critic?

Perhaps, after all that is done and said, there is in art for each of us just that which one is capable of perceiving and receiving and that one is no more or less responsive to a work in the stilted attitude so much delighted in by the average critic than he would be in a more natural pose. I say perhaps; but from my own experience I have found that essays on art from the pens of the irresponsible are to the painter a check rather than a spur to endeavor, so I can well understand that they may also be a disturbing influence in the relations of the layman with works of painters and tend to confuse the art with something—something yet to be defined.

Santa Ysabel.
The feathery fronds of ferns are faintly stirred,
And sway and bend beneath the balmy breeze.
The silvery note of some sweet singing bird
Is heard among the branches of the trees.
On yonder briery bank a poppy waves,
And bends its graceful head to look below;
The stream beneath its scarlet image laves
As fairy zephyrs fan it to and fro.
The downward trailing vines the waters lash
And then are tossed by softest, lightest breeze;
Their dripping leaflets spray the stones and dash
Bright diamond drops on mossy trunks of trees.
The sun through drooping alder branches peeps,
And sifts bright flecks of gold across the brown
Of shadowy pools and rock-embowered deeps,
And seems of this most perfect day the crown.
A trout from yonder rippling wave leaps up,
A squirrel hears the plash and scampers by;
The bees their honey sip from cup to cup,
A bluebird flies up toward the bluer sky.
Here close beside this tiny babbling stream,
Among the flowers and birds and bees I'll stay,
And lying on its mossy banks I'll dream,
While swiftly glide the drowsy hours away.
Belle M. Sawyer.

FARM-HOUSE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

A CORNER AT VERSAILLES.

BY EDGAR ELDON.

VERRSAILES I shall always see as though a mist of tears. Were it not for Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette it would no be so ; but one cannot think of Versailles without sad thoughts of those unfortunates.

More than three years have passed since I boarded a slow train at the *Gare St. Lazare* and after a ride of about an hour eached the old town near the celebrated palace. The town has very little to offer the traveler, aside from the atmosphere of historic interest which clings about it. As to the palace proper, too, I must confess it is architecturally disappointing. The name Versailles suggests so much of importance that the student comes, I daresay, to think of the palace as a building notable for itself as well as for its associations. Well, perhaps it is; but I must confess that when I looked upon the long, low facade, from the *Place d' Armes*, I felt I had expected something more than I saw before me. Immense, yes ; beautiful, I think not.

It is not my purpose to attempt a description of the palace, but, rather, to speak in brief of the career of Marie Antoinette at her *Petit Trianon*, which lies at one side of the great park in which Versailles glories and about a mile from the main palace.

The smaller Trianon was built by Louis XV. for Madame du Barry, and during his lifetime was her favorite resort. After the death of Louis XV., Marie Antoinette having expressed a desire to have the Trianon for her own her husband had it transferred to her. It is a very simple little

MARLBOROUGH TOWER.

building, less impressive and luxurious than many of the country homes of well-to-do American merchants; and one cannot but feel, as he inspects the rooms and dwells upon the facts as to the furnishings—so far as he can gather them by seeing and by reasoning on lines of consistency, how very unjust were the accusations of extravagance brought against Marie Antoinette, at the outbreak of the Revolution, in regard to her outlay for the Trianon.

THE DAIRY.

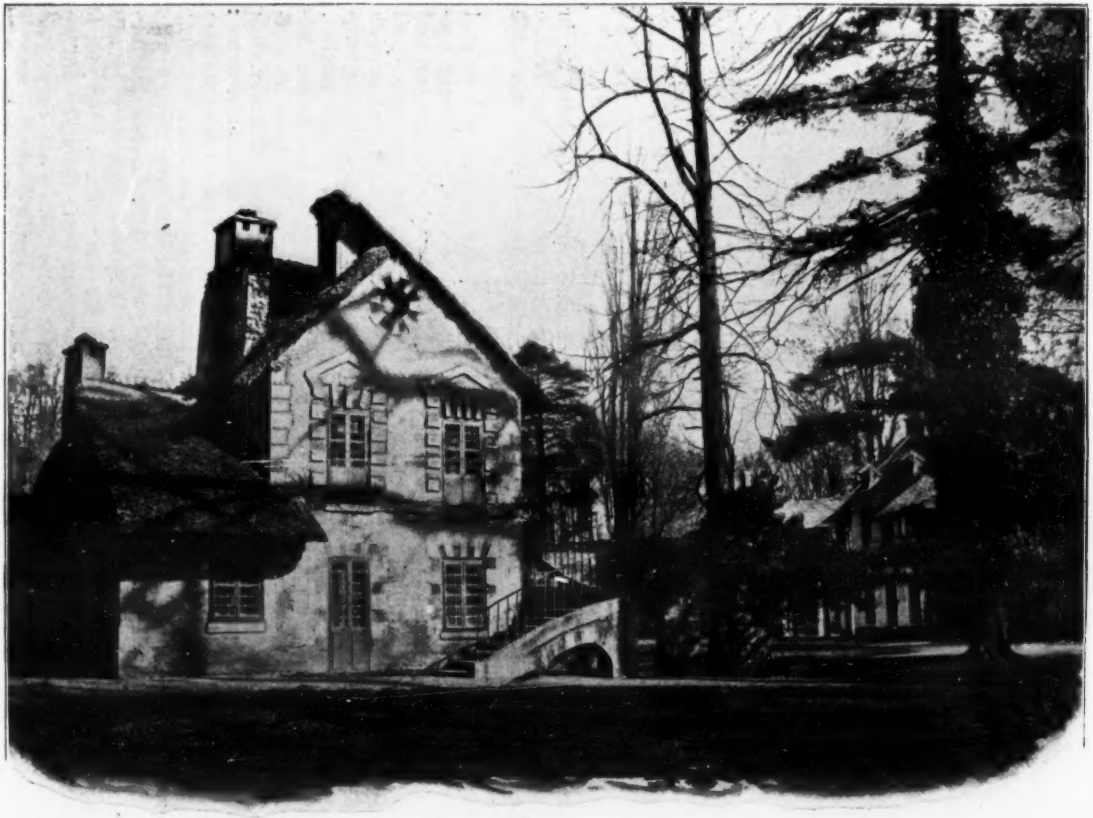
Her mother, Maria Theresa of Austria, having expressed solicitude lest in rearranging the Trianon and its gardens the young queen might be led into extravagance, Marie Antoinette replied:

"You may depend upon it that I will not draw the king into any great expenses. On the contrary, I, of my own accord, have refused to make demands on him for money which some have recommended me to make."

And surely the simple Trianon stands proof of her sincerity in saying this.

The queen was not yet nineteen years of age when the Trianon was given her. She entered with girlish enthusiasm upon the work of making it a place of rustic loveliness. Le Notre's gardening was not to her liking. She preferred the winding walks and the irregular flower-beds and lawns, which in England had been given the preference, to the stiff, geometric gardening of the celebrated Frenchman; and with the assistance of Buffon and of Bernard de Jussieu she had the grounds about her little home transformed.

It was a happy change. Not that there is not much to admire in the stateliness of Le Notre's great avenues, his walls of verdure, his fancifully cut flower-beds, and all that—there is; but there is nothing home-like in it, and it is a pleasure to think of the Little Trianon as a home, free of the stateliness which seems well enough



THE OLD MILL, VERSAILLES.

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

about the palace proper. At Versailles, she said, she was a queen; at the Trianon she was a plain matron with the joys and duties of a home. The garden helped emphasize the distinction.

The garden of the *Petit Trianon* is delightful, and it is hallowed by so many beautiful memories of the lovely Austrian that nothing there is commonplace. One can muse himself into a state, amongst the graceful trees, wherein he sees her wandering hither and thither clad in simple muslin gown and plain straw hat, plucking a flower here, scattering its petals there, happy in the innocence of her pure heart.

She was not selfish. Her delightful gardens completed, she threw them open to the common people, and their pleasure became hers. She even gave garden-parties to which the peasants were welcome; and, so far did she throw French notions of artificial dignity aside, that she often led the dance with some bashful boy for her partner. Those scenes are all there yet. If you visit the Trianon and do not see them, it is because you are unfortunate in lacking sensitiveness. Yet France murmured because she had this noble simplicity!

Here, too, she romped and sported with her little ones. Nothing concerning them was trivial to her, and she was always glad to escape from the stiff court-life and be alone with them. An extract from a letter written in August, 1779, to her mother, indicates her simplicity as to her children. Breaking away from an anxious paragraph about the war then being waged with England, she wrote:

"I venture to send my dear mamma the picture of my daughter; it is very like her. The dear little thing begins to walk very well in her leading-strings. She has been able to say 'Papa' for some days. Her teeth have not yet come through, but we can feel them all. I am very glad that her first word has been her father's name. It is one more tie for him. He behaves to me most admirably, and nothing could be wanting to make me love him more. My dear mamma will forgive my twaddling

about the little one; but she is so kind that sometimes I abuse her kindness."

Amidst the gardens is *Le Temple d' Amour*. It is set in a little lake and contains a statue of Venus by Bouchardon. Near the temple is the *Hameau*, a group of picturesque cottages where those who love the ill-fated Queen must delight to tarry.

A TERRACE IN THE PARK.

Here she kept the cows aad poultry in which she took such earnest pleasure. The dairy is of the group. It gives a body a heart-chill to look in through the dusty window-panes upon the appliances with which the place is stored and to think of the bloody fate of the poor little giri-queen who, about a century ago, tripped in and out gaily superintending the care of milk and cream.

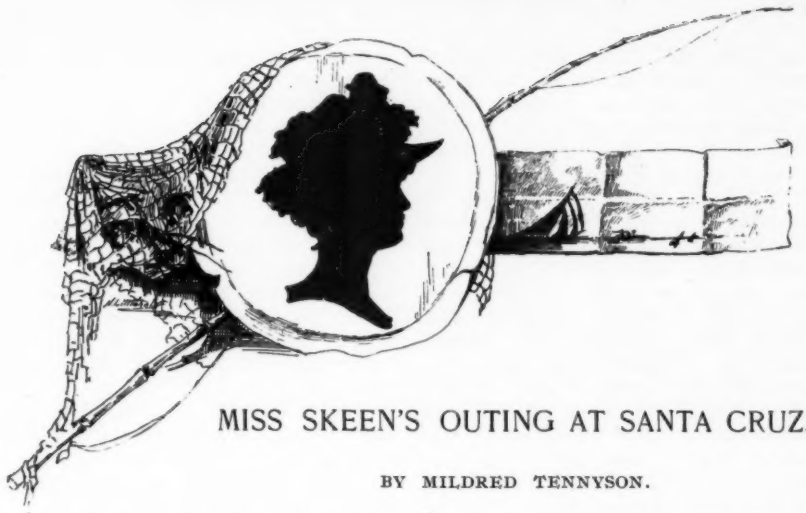
It was among her chief gratifications to entertain her husband and a few members of the royal household at tea served under a bower of honeysuckle in the garden of the *Petit Trianon*, the dishes being made up to a great exent from the products of the farm she had established there. Alas for the savage blindness of those who saw not the beauty of the nature to which such life was dear!

In the group of buildings near *Le Temple d'Amour* are *La Maison du Meunier* (once tenanted by the Comte de Provence); *La Maison du Seigneur* (Louis XVI.); *La Bergerie; La Maison du Garde* (Comte d'Artois); *La Maison du Bailli* (Comte de Polignac); and *Le Presbytère* (Cardinal de Rohan). These names were all given by the queen. The *Laiterie* and the *Tour de Marlborough* are hard by. The *Salle de Spectacle* and the *Salon de*

Musique are near another lakelet. In the *Salle de Spectacle* the queen gave private theatricals, herself taking subordinate parts, the plays being given in the presence of the king and members of the royal household. There is nothing elegant about the little theatre. It is interesting only because of its history.

Whenever the queen could escape to the simple, unconventional life of the Trianon she did so, were it only for a day. When, in October, 1789, the Parisian mob reached Versailles, Marie Antoinette, unthinking of danger, was at her retreat, the *Petit Trianon*, engaged in tranquil work at her farm. Louis was hunting in the *Bois de Meudon*. They were quickly summoned to the palace, and neither ever saw their dear little home-nest again. One must gaze with sad interest at the balcony of the first floor of the *Cour de Marbre* of the palace. It was on this balcony the brave queen faced the mob, first with her two little ones and then, yielding to the clamor of the multitude, alone; it was on this balcony she and her husband stood when Louis announced his intention of returning to Paris as desired. Few contemplate the balcony without tears. From the peaceful, quiet Trianon to this target-point for the rabble of the great capital; from there to Paris, amidst indignities which must forever be the shame of France; from Paris to the block!

CHAPLAIN'S HOME, NEAR THE LITTLE TRIANON.



MISS SKEEN'S OUTING AT SANTA CRUZ.

BY MILDRED TENNYSON.

THE sun had not had time to drink away the morning mists, and the humming birds were sipping dews of nectar from a thousand bright-lipped blossoms. There were roses clambering up, up the walls and all over the housetops, nasturtium vines peeping into second-story windows, fuchsias as hardy as young trees, heliotrope in great masses of lavender and purple, and calla lilies in tall, stately rows bordering the spacious grounds. A hedge of Martha Washington geraniums, gorgeous in bright tints, ran the entire length of the hotel, and a tangle of honeysuckle and clematis wove a screen from railing to roof along the broad veranda.

"Oh, what a delicious morning," exclaimed Roxy Skeen, "and how beautifully blue Monterey Bay stretches out before us! And see all those little boats that lie at the wharf down there, with nothing to do but bob up and down on the sparkling swell. You may sit here and drowse over your newspaper, Uncle Chess, but I am going for a sail."

For reply "Uncle Chess" lazily removed his cigar and puffed a little cloud of blue rings toward her.

A very attractive picture she made, leaning against the railing—a trim, stylish figure clad in a sailor suit of broad blue-and-white stripes, with a jaunty hat of soft wool tilted a little to one side on the well-poised head exposing a fluffy bang of light brown which the sunshine turned to gold. She was never known under any circumstances to wear a veil, so her color was a good, healthy tan, with a rosy tint in the cheeks. Her gloves were oftener in her pocket than on her hands, but her slender fingers clasping a parasol were well shaped.

Suddenly she sprang up and ran down the steps, exclaiming, "No; if you're keeping but one eye open, Uncle Chess, we will not go out of sight, you know."

"Who are *we?*" asked the indulgent uncle. "Not that stray dude, I hope? He is following us up and down this coast like a private detective. If we arrive in the town one day, he is sure to be on hand the next. I was in hopes we had given him the slip at the last place, but here he is again; and to all appearances he has come to stay precisely as long as we do, for he does nothing but follow your shadow, Roxy."

She stood pinching her toe with the tip of her parasol, until he ceased speaking, then said:

"Now, don't be a croaker, Uncle Chess, just because I seek a little

diversion. If I waited for *you* to show me the sights I should die of weariness. It's only an innocent little sail this morning—good-bye!" And with a wave of the hand she darted away down the terrace.

"By Jove, that girl's a terror!" he exclaimed, sinking helplessly back into the depths of his rocker. He watched her tripping down the esplanade toward the objectionable young man. There was no hesitancy. She lost no time in reaching her shadow's follower. Evidently he had been awaiting her; for he advanced rapidly with a friendly tip of the hat, and they shook hands most cordially. She smiled brightly and allowed him to take her parasol as they hurried along the beach toward the pier. When he had secured a boat and helped her in, she fluttered her handkerchief in the air toward the much-abused uncle, who groaned inwardly at the sight and soliloquized:

"May the Fates deliver me from ever again chaperoning a pretty niece just out of boarding-school! This one is like a young colt; she'll be the death of me yet. How in the world she ever keeps up that brisk flow of spirits in this insufferably dull spot is more than I can comprehend. What a tormenting young wretch she is! Still, without her I should succumb to the blue devils in less than twenty-four hours. Jove—she *does* know how to use her eyes! How she ever learned it, shut up in boarding-school since her pinafore period is a mystery."

He made a screen of his hands, and looked off upon the dazzling waters, where the coquettish little sail boat was gliding over the gently undulating billows.

"I do n't doubt she is rolling her eyes at that chap now, with as much confidence as any belle of the Four Hundred. It's astounding, and my sister would shriek in dismay if she were here; but it is utterly useless for me to remonstrate." And, with a series of groans, he dropped the matter from his attention and fell asleep over his paper.

Arthur Chester had been working ceaselessly in one of Chicago's big mercantile houses for the past ten years. Early and late he had been at his desk until, at last, tired nature demanded rest. Friends, relatives, doctors, all urged him to seek change. He looked worn and pale in the bright sunshine, the blue veins stood out like cords on his temples, and his hands seemed transparent in their whiteness; at intervals he started with a slight cough.

The hotel clerk, passing him as he slept, remarked to the landlady inside: "Reckon that lank-looking chap's like all the rest of 'em—waited too long before he came out here."

Meanwhile Roxy Skeen, to use her boarding-school parlance, was enjoying a "lark," rocking gently over the waves in the dainty sail-boat. Her escort, a well-knit, athletic young man of some twenty-three or four years, proved himself a good sailor. He was a native of New Foundland, and handled their little craft with professional skill; and Roxy exclaimed every few minutes that it was the "loveliest" experience of her whole life. He sat very straight holding the tiller, and now and then he thoughtfully smoothed the down of his upper lip.

"Alas," he was thinking, "if I only had a good-faith mustache, how I might impress Miss Skeen!"

As he gazed into her bright eyes the throbbing of the ocean was but a tempest in a tea-pot compared to the pulsations of his soul. He watched the pretty lights reflected on her face from the pink lining of her parasol, and, with the blue of the rolling waves for a back-ground, the effect was exquisite.

Suddenly she exclaimed: "What an interesting subject you must have in mind, Mr. Robinson. You are as silent as a clam."

"Yes, I have a very bright vision before me," he replied; and added,

with a sigh, "too bright to last for me, I fear."

"Well, I would not think of it," she advised.

"Can't help it."

"But," she went on, "visions are n't good for the nerves the doctors say; besides, I want to hear more about your country. I 'm awfully fond of foreign shores, Mr. Robinson."

So he entertained her with a description of his far-away home. He was the youngest of half a dozen brothers and the first of them to venture from native soil.

"Do you like the United States?" she asked.

"Oh yes, immensely. When I have looked it well over I intend to locate in some western place and grow up with the country. What do you think of Chicago? As it is your home you ought to give me some idea of the town?"

"*Town*! Why, sir, do you realize that you are speaking of the third city in size of these whole United States and," with an expansive sweep of her arm, "by far the most important? I hope you 'll not make many more such blunders while you are Americanizing yourself, Mr. Robinson."

"Will you not forgive me this once?" He slackened his hold of the ropes and bent toward her. "Please do, Miss Skeen," he said, appealingly.

She met his eyes for a moment and flushed a full shade pinker than the lining of the parasol.

"Oh, there 's nothing to forgive. Pray do not think I am going to be cross, for the morning is too gorgeous and the bay too enchanting for a bad temper."

She smiled brightly upon him, and the broad knot of ribbon at her throat pulsated with her deep, full breathing as she trailed her fingers into the flying spray and drank in the beauty of the scene about them.

"WHEN THEY WERE ALL ROLLING IN THE SURF."

He had been cradled from infancy upon the bosom of an ocean, and an exhilerating sail always inspired him. On this glorious morning, with that fascinating picture before him, at every tack his face beamed with keener enjoyment. The boat cutting the waves finely, with the wind on her beam, glided along as swiftly and gracefully as a sea-gull; and the two were silent for a time, watching the beauty of the receding landscape.

Skirting the eastern horizon as far as the eye could reach were the Santa Cruz mountains, of sufficient height to catch an occasional snow-cap while their sunny slopes were decked with

flowers. Among the foot-hills of this range nestled the smiling little city of Santa Cruz, a full half-mile inland save for a few hotels and here and there a handsome residence standing boldly out on the bluffs overlooking the bay. The long, crescent-curved

"I CALL IT A STUNNER."

beach was dotted all over by the gay groups of pleasure-seekers—reading, sketching, promenading, or simply lounging lazily in the soft sunshine. A few of the more active were gathering mosses from the heaps of seaweed drifted in by the tide. Amphibious small boys were wading into the surf after the gayly colored star-fish which cling so tenaciously to the rocks. The long line of bath-houses, the gay little shell-stores along the beach, and the picturesque pier, all added something to make up a fresh and beautiful picture.

Their little boat ran along with a soft breeze. Suddenly the young man repeated slowly the poet's lines:

"The day, so mild
Is Heaven's own child
With earth and ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel."

She smiled a little smile of appreciation and added, dipping her fingers into the flying spray:

"Over the rail
My hands I trail
Within the shadows of the sail:
A joy intense
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence."

"I say, Miss Skeen," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "are n't we having a jolly good sail?"

"Indeed we are," she joyously assented. "It 's a deal jollier than sitting in the sand. I have no doubt every girl on the beach there would like to skim over the bay this morning if she only had some one that could manage a sail."

The compliment brought a bright smile to his face. "Would n't you like a lesson in sailing?" he asked.

Her face grew radiant at this; and two alluring little dimples deepened in her cheeks as she dashed aside her parasol and tipping her jaunty hat toward him, cried:

"All ready for orders, Captain."

He was enraptured. Indeed, this piquant girl fresh from boarding-school was a revelation to him; and, even though he possessed but a sprouting moustache, he flattered himself that his list of young lady friends was a long one. But this fair girl — well, she was not like the rest. Her sparkling eyes laughing so happily into his, her lithe, graceful figure swaying against his arm as they exchanged places, her saucy little bangs dancing in the air, all captivated and charmed; she was irresistible.

He explained the managing of the sail, and she was delighted. They sped so lightly along that time went unnoticed, and the noonday sun flung a hot glare upon them before they completed their happy little cruise.

"You are an apt pupil indeed," remarked the young man, "but as practice makes perfect you must promise me to take a sail every morning when the bay is smooth."

"Yes, if Uncle Chess does not put his foot down," she replied.

"Leave the dreadful Uncle to *me*,"

he said, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and throwing his shoulders back.

"Shall I repeat your speech to him?" she inquired.

"Well, no, I can't say that you need bother yourself. I'll look after the whole matter personally."

A little while they lingered to watch a band of cavalry horses going in for a surf-bath under the direction of soldiers from a regiment camped near by. It was novel and interesting to see them tossing their manes as they plunged through the foaming waters out into the rolling waves.

Finally Roxy turned and said, "I'm awfully hungry for lunch, Captain, so good-bye."

"Of course, I don't doubt but you are faint and famished," he said, looking at his watch. "How time *does* drift away, does it not? and you *will* sail with me again?" he begged.

"Yes, I think so, Captain Robinson."

He was delighted with the title, and wanted to tell her so, but she ran away from him back to the hotel, where she found her uncle still sitting on the piazza, refreshed by his nap and quite spellbound beneath the eloquence of one of the hotel's distinguished bores, Colonel Hedge of San Francisco.

The Colonel, who prided himself on his conversational powers, nodded pleasantly to Roxy as she took a seat on the steps, and then resumed his dissertation on the early history of Santa Cruz.

A little later the three entered the long, cheerful dining-room and followed the beckoning waiter to a table at the further end, where sat already a spinster of doubtful age, sipping tea and mincing small bits of bread. She frowned in disapproval when Miss Skeen said to the waiter, without so much as a glance at the menu:

"Everything!"

Then Miss Roxy devoured all the crackers and pickles before her, and, when the waiter returned, exclaimed:

"Oh, beloved clam chowder! You may bring me another bowl at once."

"My dear, are you ill?" mildly remonstrated her uncle.

"Bless you, no! Why, do you think my appetite is *very* delicate?"

"No, oh no; I did not think *that*."

"Pray do not scowl at me so, Uncle Chess. If you had been shut up in boarding-school for five long years, as I have, on a diet of stewed prunes and porridge, *you* would eat, too."

"Was that all your bill of fare, Miss Skeen?" inquired the Colonel.

"Well, of course, there were a few slim et ceteras, and once in a while we had larks."

"Had *what?*"

"Why, larks. Don't you know? After the teachers had gone to sleep, a long line of girls arrayed like ghosts would sneak through the halls and congregate in one room. Then we'd darken the transom, stuff the keyhole, and make oyster stew or candy over the gas. If one of the ghosts had just received a box from home, we'd have cheese, and olives, and fruit-cake, and cold turkey, and—everything

DISPLAYING AN AMAZING ARRAY OF LACE AND POLKA-DOTS.

—all in a jumble. That would be a lark or a good time, you know."

The spinster opposite ceased to eat, and stared with open mouth and elevated brows at the girl.

"I presume, after a lark you felt all right the next day?" said the Colonel.

"Oh my, yes. That was where the fun came in. We would sit in front of the stewed prunes and porridge, and stick up our noses; and the teachers would look at us in silent surprise, wondering where our appetites had gone. How I should like to ship some poor, starving girl this plate of clam chowder!"

Mr. Chester having finished a light repast waited impatiently for his niece. After a time he grew restless and stretched out his long legs under the table. Immediately a sharp, little scream escaped the lips of the spinster.

"By Jove, that was too bad! Very stupid in me. I beg a thousand pardons, Miss —— Oh—ah, certainly! Waiter, bring some beans!" he ordered in great embarrassment. Whereupon Roxy, the irrepressible, quite overcome by her uncle's error, giggled so violently behind her napkin that she was obliged to beat a hasty retreat from the room.

"Now, what *have* I done?" he asked in some distress, as he followed her into the corridor.

"Nothing, only it was her name."

"*What* was her name?"

"Why, *Beans;* didn't you hear her say it?"

"We will prove it by the hotel register," said the Colonel; and sure enough, there it was, in a stiff, angular hand: "Letitia Beans, Boston, Mass."

"There," said Roxy, triumphantly, "*Letitia* Beans—not *Baked* Beans."

"My stars!" moaned her uncle. "May the shades of night descend and screen my blushes! How can I ever face the Hub again!" and he rushed out on the porch.

"Oh, she will forgive you, Uncle Chess. She only gave that spinsterian scream to attract your attention. Mark my words, she is going to set her cap for you."

"Roxy Skeen! I will not countenance such remarks."

"Of course, you won't, dear. You are awfully proper, you are! Colonel Hedge, will you kindly keep an eye upon him this afternoon, and see that the ancient Beans does not kidnap him? It is my day for posting my diary, and I have stacks of description to write about lovely Santa Cruz."

Roxy made a pretty bow and vanished, leaving the two to enjoy their cigars in peace.

She wrote enthusiastically of her charming surroundings, but there was one entry she made that night which was not descriptive of scenery.

"I must seek a private interview with the head waiter at once," she soliloquized, after closing the book, "and fee him with all my spare change; for the antiquated O. M. must be secured for our table at any price. I hardly think she wants to sit with us after that ludicrous blunder, but she will be a jolly prescription for Uncle Chess's nerves, and mamma told me to make it cheerful for him. Cheerful? ha! ha!" And she laughed merrily all the while she was twirling up her curl-papers preparatory to the morrow's pranks. Just before retiring she reopened her diary and scribbled hurriedly:

"A word about the Captain. He is a duck—just a delightful duck. Pleasant dreams, Captain!"

Then, turning out the gas, she raised the window and whispered upon the moonlight stillness: "Pleasant dreams, Captain!"

There was a sweet, soft breeze blowing in from the sea, which gently burst the blossoms and fanned their fragrance up to her as she sank into her pillow, happy that more of life was yet before her.

II.

The young uncle had been napping on the broad, vine-clad veranda every morning for a fortnight, "bored to death," so he put it, while his gay, fun-loving niece complained that the days were not half long enough for her pleasure.

What glorious morning sails with

the Captain! And once they had stolen out with the tide when the silver-horned moon hung in the sky and flung her pretty image upon the dancing waves about them.

She had made all sorts of discoveries up and down the beach and had filled the little tin pail on her arm with curiosities. Nothing had escaped her prying young eyes. She gathered every queer thing she saw, and talked with every one she met. Her uncle scolded in a mild sort of way, but she only talked the more, insisting that it was all a part of the pleasure trip.

"Oh, Uncle Chess," she exclaimed, "if you only knew how grand it is to be free!"

HE WAS THINKING OF ROXY AND HER COOL INDIFFERENCE.

And her tones had the ring of a joyous wild bird freed from a snare.

"For long years I have had a preceptress at my heels, or rather I have tagged at hers, and it is so grand to be let alone! And just as soon as we get home from this delicious trip mamma and Aunt Mary say they are going to polish me so that I may make an *entrée* into society, that is, get into the swim. Ugh! to think of it 's like a shower bath! *Do* let me go wild a little while, before my wings are clipped, Uncle Chess."

What could he say to the winsome girl? He decided to let her "run wild."

His health seemed to improve hourly now. He strolled every afternoon on the beach with her, and felt both flattered and amused by the sensation her presence produced. It was really quite a distinction to be a bachelor uncle to a pretty niece, for all the young men frowned enviously, while the mammas and aunties and even the young ladies looked upon him with a certain degree of interest.

It was upon one of these strolls, as they were quietly discussing the various knots of people about them, that Roxy suddenly called his attention to a dapper little man coming toward them, carrying a box-like apparatus under his arm.

"Oh, Uncle Chess," she whispered, "It is Mr. Flax, the amateur photographer I was telling you about. I'm going to introduce you."

Before he had time to reply, he was shaking hands with a pleasant-faced young man in whose general make-up there was nothing so striking as the big checkered trousers that flip-flapped about his wiry legs.

"What is the latest, Mr. Flax?" asked Roxy.

"Oh, nothing in particular, Miss Skeen. I have been shooting only at the ladies to-day. I am making a collection of fat ones, you know."

"What a dark and dreadful plot! Do you really mean you are photographing all the big women on the beach?"

"Yes, certainly. And then I'm going to offer the collection for a side-show. Capital scheme, do n't you think? Now here is one," drawing a card from his pocket, "which I secured during the season when they were all rolling in the surf. You see I was fortunate in getting a shot at Mrs. Fat and Mrs. Lean together. I call it a stunner."

They laughed heartily at the caricature, and Miss Skeen said:

"Could you not bring a lot of your views over to our hotel sometime, Mr. Flax? Uncle Chess goes about so little, and, as you have photographed

everything in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, it would be such a treat to him, and indeed to both of us."

"Well, I should be delighted, Miss Skeen, but a fellow has to be discreet in exhibiting his pictures. I have n't yet recovered from a bitter experience I had about a month since. I ran across an old San Francisco friend down here on the beach, so I invited him up to my studio to look at my views. After showing a collection of sea-nymphs I brought forth a tremendously fat one, remarking 'now *there's* a poser!' Whereupon he sprang from his chair and clutched me by the coat collar, as though he meant to terminate my career right there. I was quite overcome by his tragic action, and sank down all in a heap begging him to explain. 'It is my wife!' he shrieked. And you can imagine my sensation. Of course, I made a profuse apology, promising to destroy the plate and all extra copies of the picture and I presented him with the one he held in his hand. Ever since that little episode I am not so brisk about entertaining people with my pictures."

"None of is likely to escape a shot then?" said the Colonel, who had come up in time to catch the story.

"Very few get away. Indeed I might as well say I have you all stowed away in my dark room only waiting to be developed; and I have some beautiful subjects," he added, gazing significantly into Roxy's brown eyes, "which I handle with care."

"'Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair,'" finished the Colonel, also looking at her.

"She's turning all your heads," thought the young uncle whistling softly to himself.

"Miss Skeen, would n't you like to investigate the ghosts of my dark room?" asked the artist. "I will strike my ruby light and materialize a few if you would."

"Perhaps, Mr. Flax; but——"

She stopped with a preoccupied expression. She was looking off on a portion of the beach where some tourists had followed out the tide and were searching for treasures in a long line of drifted sea-weed. At sight of them an idea seized her, and her lips puckered with mischief as she turned to Mr. Flax and said:

"I presume your camera is ready at all times to make a pop-shot as you call it?"

"Oh, certainly—it is prepared for any emergency. I have but to pull the trigger and the game is bagged as it were."

"I see, I see," she said, absently, looking off again toward the kelp-gatherers. Suddenly she gave a sharp little cry.

"Oh! Uncle Chess, see! Do catch that poor creature yonder before the waves get her. Do run," she cried in distress.

And before Arthur Chester was aware of what he was doing, he was half way down the sands flinging his arms wildly in the air and yelling frantically to a woman who was stooping to gather some moss, quite oblivious of the approaching water.

"It's coming!" he screamed to her as the great white-breasted surf swelled high in the air. But the warning was too late—a long line of spray washed the shore and drenched the crouching figure. She screamed and, springing up, snatched at her scanty draperies, displaying an amazing array of stripes and polka dots.

"Now, quick! Mr. Flax," cried the mischief-maker, as her uncle, all out of breath, excitedly seized Miss Beans and dragged her—polka dots and all,—a total wreck, from the spot.

"Did you take good aim?" cried Roxy, fairly convulsed with laughter.

"Yes, it was a dead shot," laughed Mr. Flax in reply.

"Then I will go with you immediately to the dark room and see that plate developed. Oh, what a lark it is!"

She walked hurriedly away with him. The amateur was elated. He

had longed for an opportunity like this ever since he first met her, nearly a fortnight past, but Mr. Robinson had been so constant in his attendance there had been no room for him. At last fate had happily interposed, and Miss Skeen's fair face was beaming with interest upon him, and her daintily rounded arm was linked within his; he was for the time being supremely satisfied. Roxy did not appreciate his exalted frame of mind. She was anxious only to escape her uncle's wrath, and, begging the Colonel not to divulge the secret of the picture, hastened away.

The spinster, limp and lank in her draggled clothing, hung heavily on the arm of her rescuer, exclaiming in a bewildered sort of way:

"Why, who would 'a' thought it? It actually took my breath away. Oh, Mr. Chester, what would I ever have done if you had not come? I should have been tossed like a feather upon that cruel wave and carried out to the treacherous deep. I owe my life to you. You are my dear preserver!" rolling her eyes round and round at him and clutching nervously at one of his sleeves.

"THERE IS MR. FLAX OFF THERE, ABOUT TO TAKE A POP-SHOT AT US."

"Not at all, madam," he said icily.

"You forget—I am mademoiselle," she corrected.

He bit his lip at this, to keep a straight face, and looked despairingly

at the stiff little corkscrews hanging out under her hat brim.

"Mademoiselle," he observed, "I fear you will take cold."

She perked her head to one side, blinked one eye up at him, and lisped in a tone of superannuated coquetry:

"I never take cold, sir!"

"The deuce you do n't," he exclaimed irately; and then, "Ah, beg pardon! I thought I was speaking to my mother—I should say my grandmother—confound it all, I mean how fortunate it is that you do n't take cold, Mademoiselle Beans!"

"Yes, it *is* fortunate," she simpered. "Then, you know, I did not get half so wet as I should have if you had not caught me in your strong, noble arms and saved me. Oh, my precious preserver!" Again she looked cross-eyed and clung closely to him.

"Hang it all! this is a pretty situation," he muttered, and added aloud, "I say it was nothing, simply nothing, Miss Beans. Any idiot would have done the same."

"Ah, no indeed, it was the happy hand of fate that impelled you to the spot. I can never cease to——"

"Fate be hanged, I say!"

"Never cease to be grateful. I owe my life to you."

"Pray do n't mention it again, mademoiselle."

They passed quite near the Colonel, just then. He was leaning against the railing of the esplanade and was laughing immoderately.

"Confound old Hedge!" Mr. Chester was thinking, "Why does n't he call me off?"

"That Miss Skeen is a trump when it comes to looking after an invalid uncle," said the Colonel, leaving his place on the esplanade and following in their footprints. "She does n't give him time to think of his aches and pains. 'Gad! I wonder where that old girl 's leading him now? She seems utterly thoughtless of her beshowered appearance."

Suddenly Mr. Chester feigned a violent fit of sneezing and declared emphatically to Miss Beans that a terrible cold was settling on his chest and he must hasten to the hotel.

"Oh, do n't go, Mr. Chester!" she cried. "Here are some peppermints," and she dived into her deep pocket and swung a paper bag toward him; but he rushed headlong, never pausing to look back until he was safe on the hotel steps where he threw himself to get breath. In a few moments he heard voices back of him.

"Oh, Captain, I just saw it developed! It 's the greatest joke on record. Sh—! there's Uncle Chess. Why you dear, old duck, how cross and tired you look! Sha' n't I get a book and read to you, uncle mine?"

"No, you sha' n't," he growled.

"Well, may I at least run in and order something nice for dinner?"

He appeared a trifle mollified at the suggestion.

She called back to him, "It shall be a lovely dish of Boston baked beans!"

At this he collapsed, and vowed that the saucy girl should pack her trunk and go home. It was disgraceful, and he would *not* stand it! But the next morning she came to him so contrite, so sweet, and so caressing in her soft little wiles that once more he forgave her—(he knew nothing of the picture yet), and life again moved on serenely as they sat down to breakfast, while the Colonel, who was there before them, condescended between his sips of coffee to favor them with another installment of the history of Santa Cruz.

While the Colonel rattled on with the history Roxy occasionally glanced mischievously toward the opposite table where her Captain was sitting.

The Captain had at last summoned courage to move, bag and baggage, to the same hotel, and by fair means or foul had found his way in the dining-room to a seat where he could gaze as often as he liked upon Miss Skeen, taking care, of course, to evade the vigilant eye of her uncle. Evading the uncle would have been a more difficult task were it not that ever

since the breaker episode Mademoiselle, having lost her appetite, continually bestowed the most solicitous glances upon her "precious preserver," so that he was obliged to devote himself exclusively to the Colonel, in sheer self-defense. A rumor of the catastrophe on the beach went abroad, and all eyes were directed to their table. Previous to the posing-act Mademoiselle appeared before the public in ancient, rusty black, but since that auspicious event she felt herself a heroine and sailed into the dining-room adorned in the most startling style. That morning, for instance, she was arrayed in a trailing gown of vivid purple, and to set off her yellow-tinted complexion she wore at her neck a bright cherry-colored bow. A narrow green-velvet ribbon held her little cork-screws in place, and on her scrawny wrists were bands of the same velvet worn instead of bracelets. She beamed condescendingly upon the other boarders from her pinnacle of beauty.

Miss Skeen amused herself with such remarks as—

"What a lucky thing for you Miss Beans, that Uncle Chester saw that awful breaker coming! And were n't you glad to escape a watery grave?"

THEN SHE POSED FOR HIM BENEATH A BROKEN CLIFF.

"Uncle Chess, pass Miss Beans the biscuits. She has no appetite at all this morning. You will have to be interviewed by a reporter and written up, Miss Beans."

"Yes," with a languishing simper, "I suppose I shall be in great demand now; but" (here a heavy sigh and a side-long glance toward the uncle) "I owe my life to him."

"I 'll be hanged if you do!" muttered that wretched man, leaving the table.

After listening a few mornings to this sort of gushing dialogue between them he was fairly crazed, and, taking his niece aside, told her the time had come when patience ceased to be a virtue.

She bowed her head with an expression of deep contrition, as if she expected him to administer some sort of mild torture then and there. The attitude was so becoming that he only said:

"Give me a nice little kiss, Roxy, and promise to annoy me no more."

She complied very meekly and then walked away to the beach where she loved to walk along the hard-beaten sands. Messrs. Robinson and Flax were continually on the watch for her sunny smiles and rippling hair, and each in turn begged for a walk or a sail. She accepted their homage as nothing more than her due, and crushed all their sweet speeches as carelessly as the frail shells at her feet. This morning she stepped lightly along, humming ecstatic little snatches of song, stopping here to examine a big boulder honey-combed with mussels, and there to gaze into tiny pools among the rocks tinted pink and green by dainty sea-anemones. She picked up a curious thing now and then and slipped it into the pail swung on her arm. Life at Santa Cruz was fascinating to her. She drank in the sea breezes in long joyous draughts; the curling mists around the cliffs, the sleepy haze afloat on the vast, azure waters, the sweet, soft air about her—brought gladness inexpressible. She was absorbed in it all—so absorbed, indeed, that she forgot her shadow-followers utterly.

Captain Robinson passed by unheeded. He felt desolate as he stalked along down the coast and out upon a barren reef where the breakers dashed lazily about him. The melancholy plash of the waves seemed to make his situation intolerable. He was thinking of Roxy and her cool indifference. He could have borne the indifference were it not for the fiendish amateur who pursued him like an evil spirit, photographing his desperate attitudes from every point of view. He recognized in Flax a rival and one bent on getting him in ridiculous positions. No matter how far away he might go, he no sooner stopped for a breathing spell than that ubiquitous camera was focussed upon him, and he feared the camera might in some way have to do with Roxy's indifference. If so, of course, that indifference was not of a bearable type.

Miss Skeen was altogether undisturbed by the frowns of the young men. She had read tons of novels while her teachers were napping, and the sight of real live rivals was immensely interesting. She considered it a "lark," and added fuel to the flame by always praising to each the absent one.

She smiled serenely, now, as she dropped the shells one by one into her little pail.

Her uncle one day asked what she did with all such rubbish.

"Why, I send it all to mamma! I shipped a big box last week with some monstrous devil-crabs that Captain Robinson cured for me and some exquisite abalonies that Mr. Flax presented. I send everything back to mamma with express charges collect."

"Yes, I will wager they go 'collect.' Oh, Roxy, you fraud! What a sweet tyrant you will make some day! By the way, dear, when I see these philandering fellows so constantly about you, I begin to feel it is time for me to put a few leading questions."

"Put 'em, Uncle Chess!"

"Well, first and foremost, supposing that one of them should be accepted, what do you know about housekeeping, *mon enfant?*"

"Oh, what a question, Uncle Chess! You ought to see the 'cute, little cotton-batting cats I made for the fair last fall, and some lovely butterflies I embroidered on bolting cloth, and the gorgeous stork I painted on velvet. Then if you should only taste the lucious chocolate and vanilla taffy I make

—and oh! you ought to hear me play on the banjo. I should say I *could* keep house! What's the next question, Uncle Chess?"

"I guess I do not need to ask any more, my dear. Your domestic education seems to meet every requirement."

"Yes, I have had special teachers in every branch; and I stood the highest in political economy, too."

"Indeed!" he responded drily.

"Yes; I'm not one bit afraid to tackle housekeeping, when the time comes; but, 'sufficient unto the day'—you know the rest." And she disappeared with a merry laugh, leaving her uncle to the Colonel who had stepped within the doorway with a lighted cigar between his fingers.

Miss Skeen, that young lady of rare accomplishments, appeared the next Sabbath morning holding in her hand a huge boquet of great regal roses nodding on their stems in grace and indolence. She buried her face in their soft, dewy petals and breathed in their fragrance with long-drawn sighs.

"Where did you get them, Roxy?" asked her uncle.

"I found them tied to my door-knob. I presume the porter did it."

"Yes, very likely. Certainly there could be no one else. Did he write the note, too?"

"Now, Uncle Chess, you are a spy."

"Not at all; I happened to pass your door before you came out, and saw an envelope growing in among the roses—a fragrant blossom, no doubt. How are you going to pass the day, Roxy?"

"Oh, I am going for a little walk."

"Shall I go along as company?" he asked, teasingly.

"I should be delighted, only the Colonel would be so lonely smoking without you, would he not?"

He laughed, and taking her face between his palms, said:

"Beware of young men, Roxy. You are a mere infant as yet, you know."

"Yes, I know, Uncle Chess," she answered demurely, "and I try always to give you as little worry as possible, for I realize that Miss Beans now needs all your care and anxiety."

She ran away; and an hour later, if the uncle had followed in her footsteps, he might have seen the "mere infant" hanging complacently on the arm of the Captain, whom she had found in answer to his sly little note. Together they sauntered through the stillness of the Sabbath morning.

He took her dainty parasol and held it in a way which seemed to shut out the world and make just room for two beneath its pink glow. They walked joyously on down one of the streets where the pepper tree and the willow stretched their drooping arms listlessly over the tiled roof of a dilapidated adobe. It required but little imagination to fancy they saw the pretty Spanish girl who doubtless a century ago talked in musical tones to her sweetheart where now the gorgeous nasturtium vines ran in riotous profusion over the rickety fence. Passing the little ruin they came into a broad avenue, flanked on either side by tall palm bushes and stately evergreens that had been trimmed to simulate arched gateways and pyramid peaks, not at all pleasing to the eye. Picturesque cottage homes were seen on every street. Lemon and dwarf-orange trees grew in many door-yards, and calla lilies stood taller than the fences, in bewildering beauty. There were rugged edges of hillsides jutting out on the public streets, all entangled in masses of vines and wild flowers. The eschscholtzia, or yellow poppy, nodded its brilliant head in their midst.

"Ah!" said the young man, "it will be hard to leave the lazy luxuriousness of this semi-tropical clime, where the sun ever softly shines and the only snow-fall is of rose petals. Is it not paradise?"

"Yes," she replied, "I could go on breathing this fragrant, indolent air forever; but we are to go home in a day or two now. Uncle Chess has re-

gained his strength so rapidly he insists upon going; and it just gives me the cold chills when I think of a lake breeze at Chicago. Ugh! think of it! Listening to song-birds and walking through rose-petal snow to-day, and a week hence in mittens and overshoes, to the accompaniment of the whistling north wind. It is too horrible! Don't you pity me, Captain?"

"You would not care, would you, my ——"

"Hush!" she cried, snatching her hand away. There is Mr. Flax off there, about to take a pop-shot at us."

He scowled vindictively as the amateur pressed the button, and then, with Roxy clinging to his arm, hurried away down a by-street in order to

SHE DONNED A PRETTY LITTLE JAPANESE GOWN AND UNDER A SMALL PALM TREE SHE POSED FOR HIM ONCE MORE.

"Yes, a little; but then you must pity *me* as well, for I am going, too."

"Where—when?"

"Why, on the very same train that you take."

"Oh, Captain, you don't mean it!" she exclaimed with a sweet, startled look in her bright eyes.

"Yes, I *do* mean it," he said warmly. Suddenly stopping in his walk he took her hand.

escape a second shot. When they reached a fence-corner, blue with violets, he stopped and gathered a bunch of blossoms for her; and, as he placed it in her hand, ventured to whisper a word or two of love. Roxy anticipated his pretty speeches, however, and adroitly led him out of the danger. But he felt, after all, that he was gaining favor, and gave his imagination more rein than usual.

He longed to press her hands tightly within his own, and even thought of daring to steal a kiss; but fear of the camera restrained him. When they reached the hotel he bade her rest with the tenderest solicitude, seeing in her eyes only the joy that was reflected from his own.

Oh, the base perfidy of that dear girl from school, after the tender good-bye of which the Captain made verses in his room! Less than forty-eight hours later she was down on the beach with "the other one," keeping pace to the musical swish-swish of the beating surf as they wandered away beyond the town. Then she posed for him beneath a broken cliff, sitting with a long string of kelp in her hands.

"Did n't I look rather solemn, Mr. Flax?" she asked.

He came and stood over her, looking down into her pretty face. "You looked perfectly bewitching, my dear Miss Skeen, and your image is engraven on my heart more indelibly than on this plate."

She sprang from the rocks and cried: "Oh, Mr. Flax! Do n't you think we 'd better go home before the tide comes in?"

"Bother the tide! Let 's not care what the tide does. We can return by the path over the bluff—see?" He clambered up and then reached over and helped her upward. She looked up to him so sweetly, and her shapely hands clung to his so confidently, that he thought unutterable things and began again:

"Now, Miss Skeen, that you are secure from the waves up here, *please* let me go on. I was saying that your image——"

"Oh, Mr. Flax, look! you have forgotten your camera."

"Never did such a thing before," he said, scrambling down again.

"And you must never do the like again," she added naively.

Her meaning was a little uncertain, and he decided it was best to postpone tender speeches for a time; so they turned homeward.

The tide was sweeping grandly around the point, and the vast, vague, silvery sea, so full of mystery, hugged the shores, obliterating all that day's foot-prints and swallowing back the shells, and jelly-fish, and all things else the children had spared. Gulls were circling in graceful curves through the air and riding over the waves. Here and there a black diver darted after the shoals of fish. A soft-lined silhouette of the Monterey mountains was defined against the sky, while little boats, painted crimson by the setting sun, looked like strange birds afloat. Out on the pier some red-shirted fishermen were looking over their nets preparatory for the morrow's catch. A little child, who had been digging in the sands, hurried home from the wierd shadows lengthening along the shores.

"It 's the coloring that makes the marine view," said Mr. Flax, "and if my camera could catch those wonderful tints blending so exquisitely in sky and water, I should make the biggest fortune that ever fell to the lot of man. No artist, however skilled his brush, could do it the least justice. But there are *some* subjects that I *can* handle." He stopped, took sight, and captured another scowling likeness of the Captain, who was coming toward them.

But the Captain pretended to be ignorant of his rival's presence as he advanced to Miss Skeen's side saying: "Your uncle became alarmed at your prolonged absence, and sent me in quest of you."

"Very thoughtful in him to be sure," exclaimed Mr. Flax. "Will you be kind enough to return and say that you found Miss Skeen qui e safe under my protection?"

"No; I will not!" he returned scornfully.

Mr. Flax said nothing at this, but quietly stepped back a few paces; and, as he pressed the button, Mr. Robinson quickly turned and gave him a back view.

Roxy was highly interested and

walked between them like a demure little peace-maker until they reached the veranda. Her uncle caught the significant expression of the two young men and appreciated the situation. The Colonel was greatly amused, and attempted to introduce a diverting topic.

"I presume, Mr. Flax, you have made your usual collection of pictures this week?"

"Yes, I flatter myself that I have secured several unique subjects." And he drew forth some cards.

"Will you sit again to-morrow?" he asked; and at this brazen request the Captain quit them. He overheard her reply, however:

"I must consider, but I think I will."

What if the two had seen her entry in her diary that night! It was very brief but to the point:

"*Last Sunday at Santa Cruz*—Two larks in forty-eight hours."

Her good spirits were fairly bubbling over the remaining few days.

"PRETTY GOOD FOR A FEBRUARY STUDY, IS IT NOT?"

"Here is one—a group of persons in front of their cottage, eating watermelon. Pretty good for a February study, is it not? This morning (I never take any but religious views on Sunday) I took aim at a very homely young man and a very pretty young girl;" Mr. Robinson ground his teeth, but the artist continued, "and this afternoon I secured the gem of all—a beautiful siren down by the sea. She is the——"

"Now, Mr. Flax, I beg of you desist!" exclaimed Roxy. "We all know the virtues of your camera, you know."

She alternated in the bestowal of her favor upon the rivals. She sailed with the Captain, singing a beguiling little love song while they went skimming over the bay. Then she found her way with Mr. Flax through a labyrinth of vines and flowers out on a hillside and posed like a May-queen there; she donned a pretty little Japanese gown, and under a small palm tree she posed for him once more; she stood jauntily upon the wreck of a fishing boat and he secured her again.

It gave her pain to think of leaving it all—the life was so entrancing, so full of sparkle.

Yes, it was very hard to go, she told the landlady, but she would surely come again; and she even made an affectionate little speech to Miss Beans, who at the last accompanied them to the train and took their departure very hard, becoming lachrymose as she shook hands fervently with her "precious preserver."

"Do take her along, Uncle Chess," urged Roxy. "I'm sure you'll pine without her. Do!"

"See here, Roxy, be still, or the dreadful woman will hear you."

Mr. Flax came forward with a mysterious little package.

"An even dozen," he whispered.

"Yes, yes, a thousand thanks!" She drew a photograph from the package and thrust it into Miss Beans' long, skinny fingers. "To comfort you when he's gone," the naughty girl hurriedly explained; "and here is Uncle Chess's card. You can write to him, you know."

"Indeed, I *will* write him," Miss Beans replied, gazing fondly at the address. Then Roxy moved away to her seat, saying:

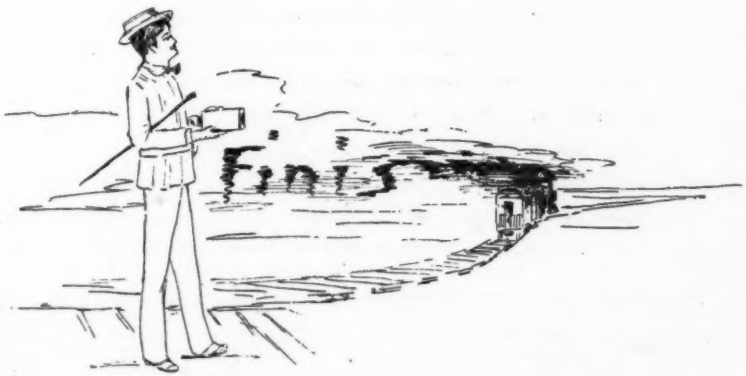
"Will it not be a huge joke, Mr. Flax? I am going to give one to a certain lady in whom Uncle Chess is vastly interested back home, and all the girls shall have copies, too. What fun!"

"You will let me in, camera and all, when I visit Chicago?" he asked, bending very closely over her as he placed her satchel at her side. He was surprised at the Captain's absence at this critical moment of leave-taking, but congratulated himself and continued: "Shall be so very glad to find you again, you know. Oh, my dear Miss Skeen, you have made life so inexpressibly divine—so——"

"Oh, of course; certainly you must come, Mr. Flax, to see us in Chicago." The bell rang and he quickly whispered good-bye. At the last moment she leaned out the window, calling to him, "Good-bye, good-bye! I shall never forget sweet, sunny, smiling Santa Cruz." She waved her handkerchief, and he gazed rapturously after her, all manner of delicious dreams assailing his excited fancy until he suddenly descried his rival standing on the back platform of the last car.

"Left! and after all those winning smiles!" he exclaimed, and a ghastly look stole over his face. Then, from sheer force of habit, he raised his camera and took a last shot at the vanishing train, while Miss Skeen drew in her head and laughed softly to herself.

"I'm sure he likes photography better," she thought, "and—oh! I see the Captain's valise in the section opposite ours. What a lark!"



LAMENT FOR TANETUA.*

Ta'u vaa faatere i te pae o te ra'i,
I te ruwruw raa aha Tane-Marua-Maue!
E maoa 'e rii tuvaruvara
Tei te vaa i Taunoa,
E aroro aera i te vaa taihaa i Ruahine e
Ua tiatia i te pure;
Ua harahara i te vana'a rii e;
Marotea te mau toa.
No vai te vaa i tau mai?
E ui atu ai au nei e!
Tanetua ua mate; oi ore a vau oi ite.
Faataoto; haamoe atu e!

*TANETUA, Tahitian regent, died in heathen times during the reign of King Maevarua. The text of the poem was taken down from the lips of an old chief named Raiti, at Huahine, in 1881, by Miss Teuira Henry. Raiti was a descendant of Tanetua.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE LAMENT.

Sail, oh my canoe, to the rim of the sky,
To the gaily decked image of Tane-Marua-Mua!†
A northeast breeze, gently blowing
On the canoe at Taunoa,‡
Sends ripples away to the mourners at Ruahine.
They are standing for the prayer;
Broken is the voice of the dear orator;
Girdled in yellow are the warriors.
For whom is the canoe that has here landed?
Ah, why should I ask!
Tanetua is dead; and I might have missed seeing him.
Let him sleep; let him be lost from view!

†Tane-Marua-Mua, the god invoked at the obsequies of slain warriors. His image was freshly done up in sennet and red feathers for each mourning celebration.

‡A canoe comes from Taunoa, in Tahiti, to carry the mourners to Ruahine in Maupiti, the most western of the Society Islands.

AN HOUR WITH JOAQUIN MILLER.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

MORE than twenty years ago Joaquin Miller fashioned in his song his notion of an ideal life. To-day he lives the life of which he sang while he was surrounded by the splendors of a companionship with men whose names have gone to make a glory for the English tongue. While Rosetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Browning, Trench, Lord Houghton, and Tennyson were showering the joys of their approval upon the untamed young Westerner, his surer sense of his real desire tormented him with prophetic pictures of his future life:

"I stand mute-mouthed upon a far gray shore;
The soul lifts up, a lone and white winged cloud;
And like some sea-bird back and then before
The storm of seas, it seeks my land once more.

* * * * *

I know a grassy slope above the sea,
The utmost limit of the westmost land.

* * * * *

The foamy brooklets seaward leap; the bland
Still air is fresh with touch of wood and tide.
And peace, eternal peace possesses wild and wide.
Here I return, here I abide and rest.
Some flocks and herds shall feed along the stream,
Some corn and climbing vines shall make us blest
With bread and luscious fruit.

* * * * *

Here I shall sit in sunlit life's decline
Beneath my vine and sombre verdant tree.
Some tawny maids in other tongues than mine
Shall minister. Some memories shall be
Before me. I shall sit and I shall see
That last vast day that dawn shall re-inspire,
The sun fall down upon the farther sea,
Fall wearied down to rest, and so retire,
A splendid sinking isle of far-off fading fire."

A big yellow car which looks like a bug and runs by electricity will carry you from the railway station at East Oakland to the foot of the hills which from San Francisco seem to lie so close to the southeastern lines of San Francisco Bay. These hills make a high horizon just above the spot where Mr. Miller has perched his settlement on the face of a sun-soaked hill. From the Hermitage a pleasant road with sudden curves leads to "The Heights." Through every open gap of the hills you catch bits of mellow landscape where trees and towns and sky and clouds and water are all mingled just as the wonderful

Dutchmen mixed them on their canvasses centuries ago. The whole road is pleasant with the odor of eucalyptus leaves blended with acacia and the fine smell of damp earth. The gulches are overrun with shaggy tangles of blackberry bushes, hazel shrubs, and an occasional scrubby manzanita. Just outside the gateless entrance to the poet's grounds glory beyond glory is outspread. All is wide and high and clear—an immeasurable expanse of sky and sea and blue mountains crossed with flying shadows flung from brooding clouds. Below the hills lie the orchards of Fruitvale, which finally merge into the marshes that melt into the creeks and lagoons around Alameda. To the west and south the Santa Cruz Mountains swing purple and glorious with their wealth of dark woods. By day the window-panes of San Francisco, by night her million lights, gleam along her hills and wharves, until from Mr. Miller's gate she looks a veritable serpent, necklaced with barbaric brightness, come up out of the deep seas to exult in her brilliancy and splendor. To the northwest the waters of the bay sweep to sea through the narrow channel of the Golden Gate, and the far horizon is pricked by the crags and peaks of the Farallones. The silence of the lonely hills is broken only by a wild bird's song and the brawling noises of the hundred streams of water which the poet has brought down from a spring on the top of his hill. A modest white fence cuts off the road.

Pass between two high posts without a gate, cross a tiny foot-bridge thrown over a trench wherein the waters sing prettily, and straight in front of you are three small cottages set amid a splendid tangle of Cherokee-roses and passion-flowers, of acacia and climbing ivy. Farther up the height stands another and larger house. In this fourth house the mother of the poet lives. She is a tall fair woman with a singular sweetness of expression in her large blue eyes. Her head carries a glorious mass of hair whose tawny gold has been left almost undimmed by time. For companion she has a dusky little maid from Mexico—a silent-footed, wide-eyed creature of dreamy beauty, whose mother and grandmother each in turn have served in the household of the poet. There are points of strong resemblance between the mother and the son. But as the gentle woman moves about and speaks with her sweet benignity one must wonder at the wild and wizard habits of the son who lives below her in his den, the first of the line of cottages.

This cottage has a gabled front with Gothic angles at door and windows. The windows are filled with multi-colored glass. A small red cross surmounts the gable's angle, and underneath the cross is a silver crescent set in the middle of a rising sun. When Mr. Miller began to build his settlement he desired to have a chapel for the use of some stray Portugese families

who lived about the place. His friends of the Bohemian Club learned of his desire, so they donated the Gothic front with its angles and colored glass and queer conglomeration of religious symbols. One among his friends claimed to be a Turk and declined to contribute for the Cross. So Mr. Miller said: "Put up your Crescent, then." Another recalcitrant declared himself a fire-worshipper. To him the indifferent poet said: "Let the light of your Sun shine down from my door." So the three symbols are there—the Cross, and the Sun, and the Moon. But somehow the Cross is on top. Next to the poet's Gothic den is another tiny nest with sitting-room and sleeping apartments for the use of guests and honored strangers. A little further up the slope comes the third cottage, which is the much-talked-of tramps' rest. For many days the wandering gentry of the roadsides found here a welcome—also a pleasant living-room, a small sleeping-apartment, and a kitchen with a

HOME OF MRS. MILLER.

stove, fuel-box, and a generous supply of groceries. The tramps were so ungrateful and so unruly that Mr. Miller ended his generous plan; and now he gives them only a quarter and an admonition to "get along the road, quick." Truly, he has been so abused by tramps that the idea of tramp contains to his mind a concentration of all that is foul and devilish in the world. Once we were talking of the orthodox conceptions of heaven and hell. He is not very orthodox. But he holds that if there is a place of perfect peace and rest, it will not be for

"The world's poor routed leavings."

At best it it will be attained only by him

"Who flags not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Then he flew variously in the face of orthodoxy, and vowed that *tramps* were unfit for even an eternity of woe, when there had not been a word of tramps, only vague relative words of "evil" and "wrong" and "badness."

Myriads of streams of singing water keep the place always

green, running through thickets of roses and honeysuckle. There are fishponds filled with trout and golden carp. It seems an awful thing to learn that the little maid catches these pet fish to feed a tribe of dainty Maltese kittens adored by the poet. There are tiny marshes set in reeds and rushes, borders of violets and yellow poppies, and hedges of calla lilies everywhere. A pleasant promenade along a high terrace is bordered with fragrant acacia trees. Olive trees retain their melancholy silver foliage, among the naked peach and apple trees. By rock-propped tortuous paths there is a way up to the Doric gates which open upon the bare, chalky, alkali-sprinkled hills behind and above the settlement. The poet's land stretches over the hills, beyond one's sight. A fair-sized tract of it is used for regular farming purposes, though no one knows which side of the ledger at "The Heights" carries the balance. Mr. Miller keeps a farmer for the work, and the farmer keeps the books.

One gray morning in January I climbed the hills to "The Heights." The Gothic door swung open and from the lion's den there issued the pleasant sounds made by a cheerful whistler. The whistling stopped as I ascended the steps and peered fearfully within. Somewhere from the furry deeps of a pile of bear and buffalo skins a voice came out giving me a welcome entrance. And the voice was the voice of the poet.

A tawny mane of golden hair, a shaggy beard—long and grizzled, a great fine head with a fore-and-aft cap absurdly set atilt upon it, a pair of fearless blue eyes—was what I saw of Joaquin Miller, prone among his bear-skins doing some work and attending to his morning mail.

While he writes his letters, I shall make a journey round his little room. The walls and pointed ceiling are finished

JOAQUIN MILLER'S HOUSE AND THE GUEST-HOUSE.

with dove-tailed boards of unstained redwood. The right-hand slope of the ceiling is decorated with a monstrous thatch of tack-upheld portraits of men and women whose faces are known to the world. Browning, Emerson, Garibaldi, Gertrude Atherton, Judith Berolde, Napoleon, Gladstone, Whitman, Byron, and Besant are all piled there one on top of the other. Some of them are photographs and some of them are cuts torn from papers and magazines. Two vases filled with pink roses and wall-flowers from the garden outside stand upon a table, and a heavy-footed bookstand is piled with old manuscript, papers, magazines, and heaps of the flotsam-jetsam truck which always accumulates in the wake of reading. There is not a book on the whole settlement, except an immense mildewed copy of the Bible which some one loaned to Mr. Miller five years ago. No carpet covers the floor, but the bare boards are littered with fine skin rugs from the backs of nearly all the four-footed things that run the woods. The door stands open all the time to every wind and all the weather. The poet's trust in human kind has never been abused except at the tramps' rest. Even those enemies of his have never trespassed on the sanctity of the Gothic room. One night a wearied vagrant stumbled in the open door and was sound asleep on the floor in a minute. Mr. Miller covered him with a skin, and he and his unknown guest passed the night together. In the morning for his pains he heard a penitent story of many losses—a lost dog, a lost gun, and a lost hunter who finally did what Cassio so deplored and found himself in Mr. Miller's room.

I think by this time he had almost finished his letters. Then we began to talk. He told me many wonderful things, but necessity drives me to make a choice in recounting what he told me. He was born in the Wabash district of Indiana in 1842. In 1848 the family, consisting of father, mother, and four children, set out to cross the plains. His father seems to have been a born nomad. The little band did not arrive in Oregon until 1852, the whole intervening four years having been spent in camping about in tents with any Indian tribe that would affiliate. Miller declares that his father loved the Indians and never fired a gun in his life. The years spent in Oregon were filled with various occupations, from chore-boy to a sort of Justice of the Peace—teaching school and fighting Indians both being indulged in for a while.

When he first started to Europe he "stopped over" in San Francisco. Bret Harte's attention had been held by an unknown singer amid the pine forests of Northern Oregon. When Miller came to town and was identified as the man, Harte took him to the *Bulletin* where a contract was made for weekly letters concerning the Franco-Prussian war which was then furiously raging. This contract was filled, Miller writ-

ing his letters amid the flash of steel and the thunder of guns. The songs of the Sierras might never have been sung if their author had been a linguist. A pretty figure of a spy he cut among the Prussians without a word of French! And the French could hardly countenance the shooting of a German spy whose whole vocabulary was made up of "*Nein.*" But the letters were never printed, because no one on all the staff could read the awful writing. Miller smiles grimly as he says: "They all manage to read it now."

After the fall of Paris Miller passed his time between France and England, writing his poems on the West. While in London he fell in with a crowd of gifted young Irishmen who worshipped the disorderly young genius with his wonderful songs so full of fire and tenderness and the tide of passionate life. Among those men there were two who particularly worshipped the Westerner; and the title of his first book—"Songs of the Sierras"—was the one chosen out of nine submitted by him for choice to Mr. Armstrong, now Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, Cork, and the gifted young poet, Alfred Percivale Graves, son of the Bishop of Limerick. Anthony Froude started the book by a long review in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which Froude was then editor. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, took up the cry, and Miller, as his guest, was introduced to all the lights. So it seems just a trifle forgetful when Mr. Miller snaps: "I'm tired of the Irish question. It has held the world's attention for a whole hundred years. Some other nation ought to have a show now."

After the publication of the two volumes of songs—of the Sierras and of the Sun-Lands—the poet went to the South. The Mediterranean shores, Greece, and the Isles of the Archipelago, Morocco, Tripoli, Egypt, and Algiers were all visited in turn. During the years spent in wandering over southern lands his headquarters were in Rome. He made his home down in the Ghetto among the black heaps of mediæval buildings which then lined the Tiber—before the Sardinian usurpers set their marring hands to the ruin of Rome. While staying in Rome, he was four times called by Victor Emanuel to address Parliament and to confer with the Minister of Agriculture upon the best method of reclaiming the miasmatic miles of the Campagna, which yearly poisoned hundreds with their malarial effluvia. As a result of these conferences the Government sent to Australia for a shipload of seeds and saplings of the eucalyptus tree. These were planted under the personal direction of Joaquin Miller. It was at this time that he met Garibaldi, who accompanied him on his daily trips outside the walls. Together they planted many a seed from which a thickly-leaved tree wags a high top when fretted with the wind which sweeps toward Rome from the sea out by

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM.

Civita Vecchia. It is not strange that these two should have affiliated. In an abstract way Miller is a born anarchist—I mean in this, that he wants no rule over *him*, however good it may be that the law looks after others. Whatever may have been the hidden springs which moved Garibaldi on, no one can deny that with his furious hordes he was a real anarchist in that he would rather have had no rule than the rule which that part of Italy had then. It will not be very long before the world will see the harvest of another planting beside which the sowing of the eucalyptus seeds was a very small matter. I remember, it impressed me strangly that we should walk through dim defiles of eucalyptus trees out in the lovely gardens about the Benedictine monastery at St. Paul's, outside the walls of Rome—"*San Paolo fuori le mura*" they call it in Rome; and when I spoke it so to Joaquin Miller and said that I had wondered that those trees were there, he said: "Well, then! You are baptized anew for me since you have been in Italy." In this world which seems to know no rule save that of topsy-turveydom, what could be more fitting than that a wild youth from the "savour and shade of new-world pine forests" should teach the Romans how to kill a deadly plague and make a swamp a wholesome place to live in?

While Victor Emanuel was supreme in Italy the Confiscated Property Act was in operation. Upon the payment of a small sum the title to the land was put in the name of the purchaser, the Government vouching for the silence of the church people. Through this Act, there fell to Joaquin Miller the right of title to one of the strangest spots in Italy. In the middle of a bleak tract of level land the three wonderful Grecian temples of Pæstum still stand overlooking the sea. The Greeks built them about the year 600, B. C., and dedicated them to Ceres and to Neptune. A splendid tangle of wild roses surrounds the place, and violets and cyclamen grow thick in the long lush grass. Herds of mongrel buffaloes stamp about and wallow in the marshes. The malaria allows no man to live there, save a ghostly crew of shaggy cowherds who make a scanty living by selling to tourists odds and ends of "tanned antiquity" which they pick up among the ruins and excavations. Occasionally a white gull sails in from the sea, flaps lonesomely among the ruined columns, and takes itself off again to the shore. The temples with the surrounding land were bought by Joaquin Miller and an Englishman. Some sort of a grandiose title went with them, but that was not to fall to the owner until all the cash was paid. While in Pæstum the English friend fell ill with the fever of the marshes and died raving before his father could get to him from Rome. So Joaquin Miller deserted his temples and went north to Venice. How he loved the white swan of cities is

best shown by all the songs he sang of her marbles of flower and foam, and of the lion of St. Mark—

"Old king of the desert made king of the sea."

Miller worships Italy and wandered up and down the peninsula for years. Yet it is strange that the one weak note in

THE POET'S BARN.

all his singing should be in the "Songs of Italy." The fine swing of the verses of the Sierras could ill adapt itself to the carrying of some threadbare reminiscences and flimsy pictures of Italian life and manners. Melancholy Jacques wails through the book, and there is a feeble desire for a dance of Byronic blue devils. But one day in Venice, in 1874, the poet's mind crossed all the dreary wastes of sea and land, and from the past there came a song; he called it "Recollection":

"We dwelt in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone lost cabin with never the view
Of the full day's sun for the whole year thro'.
With strange half-tints through the russet corn
We children were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow,
And tracks on the ground. Three boys below
The low eaves listened. We opened the door,
And a girl baby cried,—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy, and we were not wise
In the things of the world or the ways of men.
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes,
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere,
Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall-fashioned and fair;
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived ere they knew the fall;
And, loving all things, we believed in all.

Ah! girding yourself and throwing your strength
On the front of a forest that stands in mail
Sounds gallant, indeed, in a pioneer's tale.
But, God in heaven! the weariness
Of a sweet soul banished to a life like this!
This reaching of weary-worn arms full length;

This stooping all day to the stubborn cold soil—
This holding the heart! it is more than toil!
What loneness of heart! What wishing to die
In that soul in the earth, that was born for the sky!

We parted wood-curtains, pushed westward, and we
Why, we wandered and wandered a half year through;
We tented with herds as the Arabs do,
And at last sat down by the sundown sea.
Then there in that sun did my soul take fire!
It burned in its fervor, thou Venice, for thee!
My glad heart glowed with the one desire
To stride to the front, to live, to be!
To strew great thoughts through the world as I went
As God sows stars through the firmament.

Very often while he speaks of those old Italian days a sudden sadness rests upon his rugged face and the blue eyes take on a wearied, foiled expression. Once I saw a lion lying sick with pain. The long slim body was pitiably prone upon the cage's floor—too weak it looked to support the massive magnificence of the head of gold which lay sidewise on a pillow. He seemed the type of strength overthrown, a toppled column in the desert, Sampson shorn—until you saw his eyes. Glorious, golden eyes! in them the old-time fires still burned. Piteously perplexed and dimmed by supreme distress, his fearless gaze held all the forces that once ran rife through his whole frame. While Mr. Miller talked of Rome and Naples and Venice and his love of all the islands

"Near the pale of Prosperpine"

I was restlessly tormented by something in my memory. Afterward I remembered the sick lion in Antwerp.

Early in the "sixties" Mr. Miller was engaged as an express messenger carrying gold-dust from the mines in that part of the Northwest which we call Idaho. And herein lies a grievance of the poet. It is not Idaho at all.

While the men galloped through the double dark of night and forest, at a certain spot along the road the first faint touch of dawn would invariably rest above a distant mountain-top. The Indian guard would always check his horse, and pointing to the light, would cry "I-dah-ho! I-dah-ho!" which is the Indian for "the sun—the dawn—the light." From the repetition of this cry the expressmen called the mountain *Idàhho*. At the foot of this same mountain someone found an immense gold mine; from the mine and the mountain the name was transferred to the whole territory.

When Mr. Miller was preparing to occupy "The Heights," he found that the plain truth is an expensive thing sometimes. The road is steep and difficult of ascent and an expressman was lumbering along with a load of furniture. Having turned the last long curve, he stopped to give his panting horses an

easy breath. While he rested he muttered: "What a man to live on such a road! If he had n't written 'Jeannette's Hair,' I would never have hauled this stuff up for him." Some one carried the message to Mr. Miller. He went down and courteously thanked the man and honestly gave to Halpine the credit of having loved the "silken and golden snare" of Jeannette. Thereupon the man became profane, declared that he had been shamefully imposed upon, and packed the load only half-way up the remainder of the hill.

And so he told me of his life

> "Even from his boyish days—
> Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,"

and how he learned Latin for his college examination while he was cooking for Mountain Joe and his crew of Mexican muleteers. He resolutely refused to "talk big." He had no views on æsthetics, he would not tell me what he thought of science, socialism, the philosophy of history, philanthropy, nor anything else which savored of the "shop" of an interviewer. My sin be on his head if I offend him, for he also refused to allow me to take notes and scornfully said "No!" when I offered to bring him my copy for revision. When I finally compelled him to talk of death he only said:

> "Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
> The waking from a weary night
> Of fevers into truth and life."

And of life? He told me all his life, and then he used his old lines—

> "Fame is not much, love is not much;
> Yet what else is there worth the touch
> Of lifted hands with dagger drawn!"

He is about fifty-two years of age, and in spite of all the wonderful fire and force of the early poems he insists that the best work of which he is capable is yet undone. From his high station he overlooks his own sundown seas, and of these he intends to sing. He says that in a book he will yet name and claim the Pacific Ocean as he has named and claimed the Sierras. Meanwhile, he lives upon his rocky hilltop with every detail in tune with the desires of his early songs. There is not a poem among those of the Sierras and the Sun-Lands in which he did not die of his desire for the hills of his Western home. With plenty of money, plenty of fame, and the whole earth to choose from, he found his way back to his Sierras. After he came from Europe he lived for a while in Oregon, then he went to Mexico; but the magnetism of the Californian Sierras was too strong. He has his home above

the sea he loves the best. I cannot choose but copy the lines by which he prefaced "Even So":

"Sierras, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? Have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee."

This love was genuine, and this love it was that brought him back to us.

It is a sorry sight across seas where the pygmies scramble for the top of Olympus! With Dobson, Henley, Watson, Le Gallienne, Gale, and Symons and all their roulades and ditties, their ballades and silhouettes the lyre of Apollo has been turned into a lute whose sound cannot get beyond the boudoir. With a rare joy one turns from these to the strains of Joaquin Miller. With a straight vision he has looked outward on the world. He has kept untouched the cosmic sense so his inspiration has come up from the bare brown breast of the earth. He has made his songs of brawling rivers, sentry stars, the things of the dusk and the dawn. And he has made them with so sure a touch that he is not far from being one of the giants. He stands half-way between Wordsworth and Swinburne, having much of the poetic method of each, yet lacking the finest quali-

"THE HEIGHTS," AS SEEN FROM THE COUNTY ROAD.

ties which characterize the work of each. With Swinburne he has "the light and fire of a splendid spontaniety." But he has not the perfect classic scholarship which shapes the work of Swinburne and which has made him the master of literary technique. With Wordsworth he has gone to Nature as to a storehouse for his materials for song. But he has never struck anote in accord with the exquisite instrospection of the Lake poet. His heart has never felt

"The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world."

When Wordsworth cried:

"* * * Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn"

he was only paying the price of his temperament—he was only calling for the things that have kept in Joaquin Miller's soul the fine Hellenic joy that has almost left the earth.

CALIFORNIA'S SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN GONE ASTRAY.

THE STATE SCHOOL AT WHITTIER.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

CALIFORNIA is the best mother in America.

She takes good care of her little children.

When one of them does anything wrong, California does not sentence him to a term in prison; she does not send him to a training-school for the penitentiary. She takes that poor, forlorn, dazed little creature in her big motherly arms, and she says, "My dear, you 've made a mistake. You 're all wrong. Come, we 'll begin over again." And then she sends him to the State School at Whittier, and he "begins again."

Every child in that school has a history. There are little mites of beings there, not yet twelve years old, who are older in experience with the world, older in a dreadful knowledge of human nature, than many men who call themselves of the world. There are children who have lived in the streets and slept in doorways ever since they could toddle. They have been educated in the fearful school of hunger, and they have learned lessons that it is terrible to know. They are sent there from every police court in the State. They are raked in from the streets and city prisons. When there's a bad boy at an orphan asylum, the people send him to Whittier. When a mother finds her growing son running into bad company, she has him arrested and sent to Whittier. Every sort of child, from a friendless little vagabond to a thief and an "arson fiend," goes to Whittier.

Those children are not sent there to be punished. They are sent there to be helped. They are taught the first great lesson of life—how to be useful.

An idle, indolent vagabond of a boy was sent there a few months ago. The charge againt him was vagrancy. He knew no trade, and he could find

no work to do. He was a terrible burden on his widowed mother, and he was fast drifting into a professional vagrant and sneak thief. Now he is a carpenter, and a good reliable industrious carpenter at that. He sends his mother a little money every month, and he 's as happy and as useful a member of the community in which he lives as any man in it.

The boys at Whittier learn to be butchers and bakers and printers. They learn to cook, to wait on table, to be engineers, electricians, shoemakers, blacksmiths, farmers, dairy men, gardeners, painters, and laundrymen. They go to school three hours a day and they are members of the military department. They drill like veterans, these wards of the State, and they are as gallant a band of militia as can be seen in California.

The children are not taught in Whittier to walk in the convict lock-step. Neither are they put into uniform of shameful stripes. The omission of these familiar regulations strikes terror to the soul of the visiting politician who has been "doing institutions," and he usually remonstrates vigorously with Dr. Lindley, the superintendent, on his lack of discipline.

Dr. Lindley, truth to tell, is what the visiting politician is apt to call "a crank." He is n't at all like the typical superintendent of a reformatory institution. He does n't point out some particular boy as an "awful example." He does n't enlarge upon the vicious worthlessness of some shrinking wretch, in the presence of the whole company of edified visitors. He is absurdly fond of his boys and girls, and he is possessed of great confidence in them.

There is no high wall around the grounds at Whittier. There are no dark cells, and there are no more bolts and bars than there would be in a big boarding-school. The boys who run the electric plant are alone at night in an isolated building. There has never been an attempt at escape from there. The gardeners work in their gardens, the farm boys plow and sow. There are no armed guards to watch them, yet they come home as quietly and good-humoredly as any boys could come.

When a boy first goes to Whittier he is apt to talk "escape." When he 's been there a month or so he 's ready to pummel anyone who would suggest such a thing. He does not wish to get away. He is well treated there; he is happy; and he soon begins to look about to see what trade he can learn. "When a boy begins to talk about learning a trade," says Dr. Lindley, "he is past the period where he regards himself as an injured being against whom all the world is in conspiracy. When he 's past the injured period, there 's hope for him."

There 's a boy there now who is a hard-working, industrious lad with a good trade and the prospect of spending an honorable, useful life. Not long ago that boy stood in the police court in San Francisco. He had stabbed a lad of his own age, and he was on trial for the offense. His mother sat by him, crying as if every sob would tear the heart out of her worn, little body. The boy was ashamed of her grief. He was not ashamed of his guilt. He was sentenced to a term at the Industrial School. He shambled out of the dark, ill-smelling room, with a sneer on his sullen face. In the Industrial School he learned to walk with the convict lock-step. He was fed like a beast, at a table where the other prisoners snarled over their coarse fare like so many hungry animals.

He wore a dirty suit of stripes. It became him very well; and he soon learned new wickedness from the thieves and vagabonds who were his companions. In less than six weeks he tried to blow up the building, with all the prisoners in it. He was locked in a dark cell and chained there. The boys who had been his companions watched to see him fed, and they were afraid when they saw his ferocious face glaring at them from the darkness.

All this was about two years ago. To-day that boy is a manly, intelligent young fellow, whose highest ambition is to become a good tradesman, so that he can take care of his mother—not a very lofty ambition, perhaps, but an honest one. He doesn't waste any time in repentance; neither does he drop scalding tears of remorse over his past. If he were like the reformed criminal in "a moral tale" he would find leisure for all these things. As it is he simply works as hard as he can,

A TYPICAL SCENE AT WHITTIER.

and once in awhile he sends a letter home to his mother with news in it that makes her heart glad.

There's another boy at Whittier I really ought to mention. His name is Tom. Tom is a curly-headed little fellow with mischievous eyes and a smile that is childlike but not in the least bland. Before he came to Whittier, he had one aim in life. That aim was to "guy a cop." He called policemen "cops," and he regarded them as his malignant and hereditary enemies. He threw stones at the boys who went to school and who had clean faces. He spent most of his time down on the water-front learning to steal and to lie. He regarded everybody and everything, except his heroes, with a lofty scorn, and he called a man who had never been arrested a "jay." His heroes were sullen, low-browed young men who walked with an attempt at jaunty defiance—young fellows with villainous faces and hang-dog manners. They kicked the boy for fun, and they laughed at him when he was hungry; but they had "done time," and he honored them as the recruit honors the veteran. He grew to be such an utterly useless, unmanageable nuisance that even the long-suffering "cops" rebelled. They arrested him and he had the miserable delight of being "sent up." When he had been at Whittier six weeks he wanted to go to work. In six months he said that a fellow who would steal was a sneak; and in a year he wanted to keep his face clean. At the beginning of the

second year he was persuaded that a boy might even go to school and still be entitled to some slight degree of respect. The world will hear of Tom some day, and California will have no cause to blush for him.

There are over 350 children at the Whittier school. Among that number are several who seem to be comparatively hopeless. They were sent to Whittier too late or they have inherited tendencies which no amount of training or of care can eradicate. The majority, however, are as promising as any schoolful of children in the West.

When a boy arrives at Whittier he is given a good bath and is dressed in clean clothes throughout. He is put into a company of boys who are trustworthy and who will have a good influence upon him. There he 's "let alone" for a few days. When he has become acclimatized to the spirit of the place, the superintendent has a good, plain, sensible, practical talk with him. He finds out what trade the boy would like to learn, and incidentally something about his disposition.

The boys are divided into eleven companies. They are not graded according to age, but to the degree of innocence or guilt. A boy who is "sent up" for simple vagrancy or boyish mischief is not put into a company where his neighbor is a thief. Each company has its own school hours, its own work hours, and its own hours for recreation. The boys take great pride in their companies, and the members of each company often get up little entertainments and "company shows" for the edification of the rest of the school.

They go up to Los Angeles and drill on public occasions; they send their band to various festivities: and Los Angeles people say they are as well behaved as any other boys. The boys are very jealous of the reputation of their own particular companies as regards deportment. Any boy who misbehaves and brings disgrace on his "company" runs a great risk of summary chastisement from his mates. The great universities of the land might take a few little lessons in self-respect from these boys at Whittier.

The girls' building is a considerable distance from the boys, but it is under the same management. The girls are taught housework, laundry work, tailoring, needlework, and dressmaking. They make their own clothes and do much tailoring for the boys' department. They are not dressed in uniform, nor are they treated in the usual institutional way. The matron gets acquainted with each girl, and tries to straighten things out for the poor little perverted mind.

A terrible blow fell upon the institution some months ago. Mrs. Lilla Lindley died, and a strange quiet came to the noisy school. Mrs. Lindley loved those children, and the children loved her. When she had been buried a few days, one of the boys wrote a pathetic little scrawl to her husband, the superintendent, and begged to be allowed to care for the new-made grave.

"She taught me about flowers," wrote the boy. "I know what ones she loved—please, please let me care for her grave while I 'm here." The poor, blotted letter is a greater sermon than any preacher can preach to the persons who sent that boy to Whittier as "incorrigible."

Mrs. Lindley was the one to whom the children came with their sorrows. She was the one that could talk to a big, rough, careless boy and make him wish his mother had not died so long ago. She was the one who bore the cares and the sorrows of many anxious mothers upon her heart; and when she died a great light went out at Whittier. But the principles which she helped to foster there are too strong now to be overthrown.

California has made a record among the States, a record of which she is proud. Half the world is yelling itself hoarse in a mad attempt to make the other half see the labor question

and the crimes-and-criminal question in the right light. Every street-corner has its wild-eyed prophet who shrieks out auguries of impending disaster. In the midst of all this turmoil a few quite people away out here on the west coast of America have stopped arguing, and have gone to work. They are answering more hard questions in one week at the State school than a dozen agitators can propound in a year of frenzied harangues.

The great State of California is taking care of her children—her poor, friendless, warped, crippled children, who made a mistake and wish to "begin again."

She will defend those children and their rights with the "mother rage" against any who dare to disturb them.

ALL THAT LOVE ASKS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

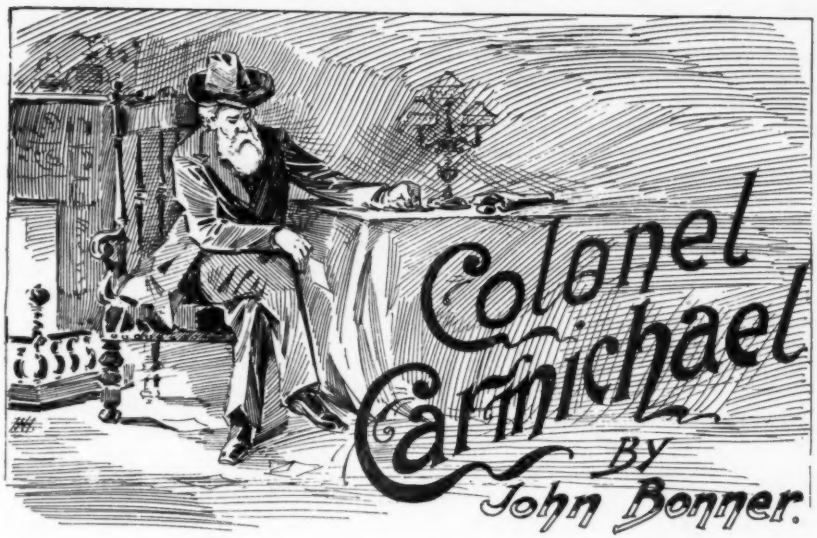
"All that I ask," says Love, "is just to stand
And gaze, unchided, deep in thy dear eyes—
For in their depths lies largest Paradise.
Yet if, perchance, one pressure of thy hand
Be granted me, then joy I thought complete
Were still more sweet.

"All that I ask," says Love, "all that I ask,
Is just thy hand-clasp. Could I brush thy cheek
As zephyrs brush a rose-leaf, words are weak
To tell the bliss in which my soul would bask.
There is no language but would desecrate
A joy so great.

"All that I ask, is just one tender touch
Of that soft cheek, thy pulsing palm in mine,
Thy dark eyes lifted in a trust divine
And those curled lips that tempt me overmuch
Turned where I may not seize the supreme bliss
Of one mad kiss.

"All that I ask," says Love, "of Life of Death
Or of high Heaven itself, is just to stand
Glance melting into glance, hand twined in hand,
The while I drink the nectar of thy breath
In one sweet kiss—but one of all thy store;
I ask no more.

"All that I ask"—Nay, self-deceiving Love
Reverse thy phrase, so thus thy words may fall:
In place of "All I ask," say, "*I ask all*—
All that pertains to earth, or soars above,
All that thou wert, art, wilt be, body, soul;
Love asks the whole."



COLONEL CARMICHAEL emerged from the main entrance of the Palace Hotel, and gazed up and down the street with an air of proprietorship. His lofty stature enabled him to look over people's heads. His dignified mien, as he slowly swung his gold-headed malacca, stamped him as somebody. A carefully brushed hat covered a snow-white head, and over his tightly-buttoned coat a flowing silver beard concealed the absence of the customary linen. His clothes, though threadbare, were free from speck of dust. From his left hand dangled a pair of yellow gloves, the insignia of the man of leisure. No passer-by bowed or spoke to him; sharp glances from the steel-blue eyes under his shaggy eyebrows met no response; but now and then a meaning look from a pretty girl testified that the Colonel still retained some trace of the attraction which in his youth had won for him the sobriquet of "handsome Jack Carmichael."

Picking his way carefully, he crossed the car-tracks, effected a lodgment on Montgomery street, and stepped forth, with head erect and measured tread. It was afternoon, and the business thoroughfare was crowded; but he passed unnoticed. At rare intervals some old man recognized him and vouchsafed a curt nod. The Colonel gravely acknowledged the salute and walked on with stiffer backbone and loftier chin than before. He entered no office, opened no door, peered into no window; when he reached the end of the street he wheeled in good form and stalked back again.

Twelve or fourteen years before, he could not have walked that street without being incumbered by people hanging to either arm and whispering in either ear. Privacy was a boon for which he sighed in vain. "By Gad, sir," he would say in referring to that period of his life, "I had to look under the bed every night to make sure that no one was hiding there to surprise my inarticulate utterance in dreams, so as to get a point."

For, in those days, he was king of the street. How much he had made out of his various deals in mining shares no one knew; millions, certainly. Was it ten, twenty or forty millions? None could say—not even the Colonel himself. Was he richer than Mackay, Flood, Fair, or O'Brien? There were gentlemen with ruby noses and habituallly thick speech,

who, over a small bottle at a bar, stood ready to put money up that he could buy any one of them and have enough left to build an opera-house or a palace on Nob hill.

The Colonel himself was discreet. "I will not deny," he would say, drawing a golden toothpick and stabbing imaginary bonanzas with the point, "that I have done pooty well, I may say very well. Why should n't I have done well? God Almighty does not create men of my kind to vegetate in poverty. Everybody knows that it was I who discovered the bonanza in Crown Point and that if it had n't been for me neither Ophir nor Savage would ever have earned a dividend. Every dollar I have I owe to my own brains."

In those days he occupied a princely suite on the parlor floor of the Palace Hotel—bedroom, dressing and bath-room, reception-room, drawin-groom, dining-room, and billiard-room. In the latter stood a wine-cooler, in which heels of champagne bottles protruded from the ice; an obsequious darkey begged the visitor, as a personal favor to himself, to allow him to open a bottle. The dining-table was set for four—three guests and the Colonel; but it was an extension-table, and eight or ten epicures of established reputation frequently gathered round it to pass sentence on the masterpieces of art which a *chef* especially affected to the Colonel's service prepared in the kitchen of the Palace.

In the reception-room, at the Colonel's hour, there was a levee of beggars—some in rags, and some in jags, and some in velvet gowns. None ever went away empty. To some the host gave gold from his pocket, others were bidden to call at Scrip, Proxy, & Co.'s office, and "tell them, sir, to buy you one hundred California, and charge the loss, if any, to my account."

Confidential friends, mindful of the fickleness of fortune, and of the wings worn by the God Plutus, frequently advised him to realize on his holdings, run over to Europe, and enjoy his wealth amid Parisian pleasures and palaces. But he always shook his head.

"What would Pine street do without me? My good sir, there is no one upon whom I can put my finger except your humble servant who could hold this market against a panic. Your tagrag-and-bobtail operators could no more hold her than they could hold a drifting ship in a gale of wind." This was his usual reply.

He fairly lost his temper when his doctors told him that the strain of excitement, aggravated by high living, had developed symptoms which seriously alarmed them, and that he absolutely must take a rest, give up business for a while, and try a voyage to the "Islands." He struggled, but at last he yielded. He was three weeks absent, during which he never saw a quotation nor had a chance to hear news from the mines. On his return, as the steamer was being warped into her slip he noticed that the faces of the people on the wharf wore a curious expression, and that one or two of the lookers-on pointed at him with their canes.

"Howdy, boys!" he shouted from the deck. "How 's the market?"

One or two friends whom he recognized turned away their heads in silence. One man burst into a roar of sardonic laughter. Another cried, "D—n the market!" And another put his hand to his mouth and shouted: "Caved down the bank."

The Colonel leaped from the deck to the plank, sprang ashore, and, seizing an acquaintance by the shoulders, eagerly demanded the news. Alas! it did not take long to tell. The last remaining bonanza in the Con. Virginia had petered, the stock had gone to smash, other stocks had faded from sight—two hundred millions of property which three weeks before would have bought houses and lands and ships and goods and bank-shares had been absolutely wiped out of existence, had evaporated into air. The Colonel had become not only a

pauper but a bankrupt, owing sums which he could hardly reckon and most certainly could not pay. His mind, working with the lightning-like rapidity which thought acquires at such moments, grasped the awful catastrophe in a flash. Some one put him in a carriage, and he drove in a dazed state to his splendid apartments at the Palace. His rooms were soon crowded with brokers who bore accounts to which they vainly tried to attract his attention and by creditors who quite pressingly thrust their bills into his face.

The Colonel sat in a chair with his hat on, took all the papers which were offered him, seemed to listen to all that was said, but spoke never a word. When his visitors, wearied of addressing one who appeared to have lost the power of speech, had gone away, he was left with his body servant. The faithful negro who had been years in his service, laid his hand tenderly on the master's shoulder, and said, with tears streaming down his black face:

"Pore Cunnel!"

In the broken man's face, the muscles quivered and twitched so that for a moment the servant's emotion bade fair to be contagious; but, by a powerful effort, the Colonel controlled his nerves. Then, clinching his teeth, he ground out the words:

"The infernal scoundrels!"

A bell-boy entered presenting a note. It was from the manager of the hotel, who suggested in courteous language that, inasmuch as it was possible Col. Carmichael would not wish to longer retain a costly suite of rooms, it would be deemed a favor if, he would say when the apartments would be vacated.

"Tell your master," shouted the Colonel, "that I will go when I am ready, and not before. Pete, bring me my pistols!"

All night the Colonel sat in his chair, with his hat on, in the dark. He had forbidden the servant to light the gas. He spent the night in mapping out, over and over and over again, his position and his prospects. Neither his review of the situation nor his plan for the future was very lucid: his thoughts always started from the same point, and traveled painfully over the same road to the same conclusion. But by morning he saw a few things pretty clearly. His wife had died some years before, leaving him a son who was now at Harvard; the son must come home and stand or fall beside him. He had supported a widowed sister, who, with her daughter, occupied a fine house in a fashionable neighborhood; she must move into a cottage in the Mission, and he must try to rescue something for her benefit out of the mighty wreck. As for himself, clearly he must camp for the present in an upper room of the Palace and be content to take his meals in the general dining-room. All these arrangements were to be temporary. As soon as he had time to turn round, he would resume his lookout on the watch-tower and make money. Of his ability to regain the fortune he had lost he never had a shadow of doubt.

But stock exchanges are like the surf; a foot-hold once lost is difficult to regain, and beware the undertow! In the operations which the kindness of friends enabled Colonel Carmichael to undertake, a fatality pursued him. "By Gad, sir," he would exclaim in the bitterness of his disappointments, "every thing that I touch turns to mud!" He did, indeed, seem to be hoodooed. Before long, no broker would execute an order for him—men who used to bask in his smile shut themselves up in their inner offices when they saw him coming. It became evident to his friends that, if he was to be placed beyond the reach of want, a salaried position must be found for him. But, when he was offered the post of cashier in a house whose fortune he had made, he flew into a rage. "Ella, my dear," he exclaimed to his niece, "they want to degrade your uncle, and I will not submit to it!"

Ella was the daughter of that widowed sister of his whom he had sup-

ported after her husband died. She was a small, quiet, black-eyed, black-haired girl, who was noted for thinking much —especially for others—and for saying little. Her mother, Mrs. Sylvester, was a weak woman, given to novel-reading and to weeping over the sorrows of the heroines of fiction. With her uncle Ella had had little intercourse in the days of his glory; at Christmas and on birthdays he gave her a handful of gold, a diamond gew-gaw, and a fatherly kiss on her bang. She was not a society girl. Almost the only regular visitor at the Sylvester house was Mr. Ernest Burgrave—an old bachelor of forty, with grizzled hair, who, though a man of culture and one who had read and traveled much, did not try to shine as a conversationalist, and seemed perfectly happy to sit in silence while Ella played on the piano or recited to him her small joys and sorrows.

Of all the Colonel's friends and dependents, Ella was the only one who accepted the news of his misfortune with composure. The only change it wrought in her was a new tenderness in her manner to him and increased thoughtfulness in her behavior to her mother. When her cousin Joe arrived from the East she received him with more affection than usual. She refused to be cast down. When her mother moaned and Joe lamented she comforted them. When Joe whined "What will become of me, now?" she responded quite cheerfully: "You will have to work, Joe, and make your own way in life." When Mrs. Sylvester, diluting her tea with tears, sobbed that she supposed they would all have to go to the poor-house, Ella laughed and observed that some poor-houses are not half-bad places to live in. It struck the Colonel that here was an intelligent and resolute soul, on whom a perplexed man might lean. And he began to see a great deal of Ella, to confide in her, and to seek her advice.

So, when he informed her of the degradation which his friends had tried to put upon him by offering him employment, and she replied that she could see no degradation in the scheme, he asked:

"So you would advise me to go as a hireling, eh?"

"I think you would be happier, dear uncle, if you were at work, and that it would be a good thing for the brokers to have you to advise them once more."

"Perhaps you 're right, my dear," replied the Colonel, settling himself in a judicial attitude in his chair, as one prepared to solve knotty problems in finance; "I 'll try it."

But the experiment could not succeed. The Colonel not only could not serve under anyone; he could not serve with anyone whom he did not command. Before a fortnight had elapsed, he stood before Ella a free man, having shaken the office dust from his feet. "Will you believe it, Ella," he observed, "those doggoned fools insisted on selling out their Potosi, just as the stock is on the eve of a boom? Was I wrong in telling them they are prize idiots?"

A little shiver went through the girlish frame; but Ella said nothing.

Other positions were found for the Colonel, but he could not hold them.

"When I see my friends making asses of themselves," he would say, "my sense of honor requires me to admonish them."

And, as his admonitions generally took the shape of intimations that his employers were half-witted fools, their relations became strained and finally severed. At last the Colonel was not only out of a job, but had managed to wear out the patience of many who were minded to help him.

His son filled a subordinate post in an office where he earned enough to clothe him, and lived with the Sylvesters. He was a dull boy who faithfully performed the tasks set him, never had any opinions or aspirations of his own, never indulged in any of the freaks of youth. His father looked down upon him as a milksop. The

Colonel's idea was that Joe's age was the proper season for the sowing of wild oats, and he rather thought that the seed should be scattered with liberal hand. Poor Joe never sowed any oats, tame or wild ; and the Colonel, remembering his own experience in the oat-field, felt that he was disappointed in his son and heir. It never occurred to him that without money all forms of seeding are difficult, and that Joe had no spare coin.

He had himself of late encountered more than once the unpleasant experience of empty pockets. He had been suddenly arrested in a plan for a drive to the country, winding up with a restaurant dinner, by the recollection that he could not pay for the drive or the meal. He had been compelled to decline invitations which he knew he could not return. He had even imposed on himself the rule that he would not accept a challenge to drink. This he easily explained. His doctor, he said, had prescribed the most abstemious diet—put him on short commons in fact. "As to whisky and wine, sir, he positively forbids either. Says a small bottle might be the death of me."

His impecunious condition being notorious, men who were wise in their day and generation foresaw that the disease would pass through the usual stages and that the borrowing-stage was impending. Hence, with common consent, when they saw him coming, they suddenly remembered engagements in near-by offices, turned corners with the air of men who were late for an appointment, or engaged in animated and confidential conversation with some one who stood near. But they did not know their man. The Colonel never borrowed a dollar from any one. An old acquaintance put into unusually good humor by a happy turn in wheat, stopped him, and, hemming and hawing, stammered: "Oh! by the way, Colonel, you know if you ever see a chance where a small stake would help you, I'll take it unkindly if you don't let me be your banker. You will, won't you?" The Colonel thanked him with severe politeness, and observed that he had no present use for currency, nor did he just then see an opening in which he could put a friend's money. But he would bear it in mind. Then, the thought occurring to him that the offer had been kindly and that his response had not been attuned in harmony, he added : "I always knew you were a devilish good fellow." At the moment the Colonel's pockets did not contain a silver-piece.

He had one comfort in his straits. "That admirable niece of mine, Ella Sylvester," he would say, "is the most wonderful housekeeper in the world. She doesn't come up to my shoulder and her voice is so low that I sometimes have to strain my ear to catch what she says ; but, by Gad, sir, she keeps house for her mother and my son on the remnants of what I gave her in my boom days! Whenever I go to see her she gives me a capital cup of tea and dish of toast, and by the Lord, sir, I don't know where she gets the money. I don't give it to her, for I haven't got it. Some women are wonderful," and he speared a theater-placard with the point of his Malacca.

It had not been thought necessary to inform the Colonel that Ella, who was an accomplished musician, was giving music lessons, and already had a large number of pupils. Indeed, she had been puzzled to account for applications for her service from persons of whom she had never heard ; but Mr. Burgrave explained that her abilities as a musician were perhaps more generally known than she realized.

Nor had Ella deemed it worth while to tell the Colonel that the bits of bric-a-brac and the new and choice books which made her little drawing-room so pretty had been sent her by some one who persisted in the most annoying manner in remaining anonymous. The parcels were not addressed in any hand she knew; they appeared

to be in different hands. She frequently spoke to Mr. Burgrave on the subject; but he, though his acquaintance was large and his study of the addresses exhaustive, proved unable to throw any light on the mystery.

Once or twice, during the later stages of the decline of the millionaire, Ella had timidly recurred to the subject of employment — always on the double ground that he would be happier and that a man of his ability had no right to deprive the world of his light. Feeling her way with extreme caution, she suggested that perhaps the firms which had once given him employment had by this time repented of the severance of their business connections, and that it might be worth while to see them again. He listened to her at first with forbearance, holding her pretty white hand in his own; but, when she suggested his calling to ask for re-employment, he pushed back his chair and took fire.

"No, no. You don't know what you are saying. You don't understand these things. It is for them to come to me if they want my services, not for me to go to them. I am to be seen every day in Montgomery street—between ourselves, I have an object in going there; and, when they find, as they will do sooner or later, that they cannot get on without me, they will come, and I will hear what they have to say. But don't ask me to apply to them for work. Pray don't say such a thing again. You offend me. You hurt me."

He had lost his grip, but he had not lost faith in himself. Indeed, the lower he sank in public reckoning, the higher he rose in his own esteem. He had dropped out of the machine of which he had been a driving-wheel; but he always expected the machine to break down for the want of that particular wheel. Current events interested him but slightly. He lived in the past. That past he saw, as it were, in a mirage, with forms and shapes distorted by refraction—himself always the central figure of the mirage, grand, triumphant, far-seeing, colossal. Other figures were indistinct, and their outlines dim; he always loomed out in sharp relief—a leader of men, one against whom others could lean as on a granite pillar. As the Assyrian monarchs commemorated their reigns in sculptures which always represent the king urging his furious horses over prostrate foes, so the Colonel remembered nothing of his past life except the days when he scattered his antagonists on the exchange and drove them howling out of the market.

"Bonanza Kings!" he cried to Ella, throwing down a newspaper containing an article on those personages. "I would like you to tell me where they would have been if I had not shown them how to find bonanzas on the Comstock! There 's John Mackay; he was a poor man after mining for twenty years; I gave him a few hints, and he raked in the millions. And the same thing could be said of the others."

"It was lucky for them, uncle, that they met you," said Ella, humoring him.

"Lucky, child? It was providential for them. If they had not met me, and consulted me, and been guided by me, they would probably still be miners at four dollars a day. But I never kept my inspirations a secret. I imparted them generously, made millionaires, and kept nothing for myself. I may say that I created them all, and if they were willing to tell the truth, they would admit that they owe every dollar they have to me; but they are not men enough for that." Turning to Mr. Burgrave, who had just entered the room, he added with a chuckle: "Do you know, sir, that I have an instinct which tells me where pay-ore is to be found?"

"It would be a good idea," replied Burgrave, drily, "to use that instinct on the Comstock to-day."

"I can, sir; but you need not go as far as Nevada. In Calaveras County,

in this State, if you sink seventy-five or perhaps a hundred feet from the bottom of the Lost Hope Shaft, you will strike the bed of a prehistoric river. On that bed there is a layer of gravel which carries gold enough to yield twenty dollars a day per man. Some day, sir, I shall dig a fortune out of that mine—a fortune that shall make the wealth of these so-called Comstock Kings seem trifling—yes, sir, trifling?"

"But, uncle," observed Ella, who feared to have the Colonel building high hopes that never could be realized, "you forget that the mine you speak of is no longer yours."

"My dear child," retorted the Colonel arising and buttoning his coat, "you are in error. Colonel Carmichael is the owner of the Lost Hope and all its buried millions. Through a freak of fortune and the unwillingness of the other stockholders to pin their faith to the mine the stock stands in my name. The Lost Hope, moreover, being patented I'm in no danger from jumpers. Just as soon, my dear, as I can get on my feet I shall demonstrate the soundness of my judgment by putting men at work in that Calaveras shaft. I hope soon to push aside the little financial difficulties which now beset me, and then——"

Overcome by exultation the Colonel sank into a chair and fell into a deep reverie.

The Lost Hope Shaft was a standing joke in Pine street. Scores of owners had put thousands into it in quest of the old river-bed, and no one had ever taken a dollar out. When the Colonel brought up his favorite topic of the Lost Hope Shaft, people tapped their foreheads, smiled quizzically, and walked away. "Cracked as an old teapot!" some irreverent youth would whisper.

Among those who were beginning to question whether the Colonel's brain did not need carpentering were the proprietors of the Palace Hotel. It had become an idle formality to send him weekly bills, and when the subject of his indebtedness was referred to he put it away with a grand flourish of his arm, saying that he was maturing a combination which would enable him to arrange that and other trifles when he opened his new bank account. The manager of the hotel let drop a hint that some day when the Colonel returned home he would find his door unscrewed from its hinges. But, on the following day, a few leading citizens called at the Palace, and in the politest way informed the manager that if he turned out Col. Carmichael, he might just as well close his doors, for no Californian would ever darken them again. A mild-mannered gentleman of six feet eight, the owner of countless herds and flocks in Arizona, who had an incurable habit of twitching his right hand back in the direction of his pistol pocket, added:

"Ef yer can't afford to spare an attic and a beefsteak for the old man who has spent thousands upon thousands in yer dashed shebang, send the bills to me. I'll pay 'em, and, by the Eternal, I 'll frame 'em."

It was, however, delicate business to help the Colonel. As the French say, he had the mustard near the nose. When a purse-proud upstart offered him an unsought loan, the Colonel's malacca executed so formidable a moulinet round the offender's head that he fled from the angry, old man, cured for all time. When his coat began to whiten along the seams and the most dexterous application of ink failed to conceal the cracks in his boots, benevolent persons concocted plots to circumvent him without arousing his suspicions. A conspirator would tell him that he and a friend had a dispute over an incident of the rebel victory at Gettysburg. When the Colonel stopped him to say that Gettysburg was a Union victory, the conspirator contradicted him with much heat and finally bet him fifty dollars that he was wrong. Or a party of card-sharpers would beguile him

into a game of poker; and, whenever the Colonel got a couple of pairs or three of a kind, one of the knaves who happened to be wandering aimlessly round the room would signal his confederate knaves, the stake would be raised to something substantial, and everybody would pass.

The happiest hours of the Colonel's life at this period were spent with his niece. He found rest in her soothing tenderness. She listened to his long, boastful stories so patiently that his conceit derived strength from the thought that Ella believed in him. She wormed herself into the old, desolate heart. The Colonel had never loved. His marriage had been an affair of business; the other woman he had known were not worth loving. The idea began to break on the mind of the broken old man that life is not worth living without a woman's love.

She was gazing at him with almost motherly affection, as he sipped his cup of tea with his eyes fixed on the distant mirage he loved, when the bell rang and Mr. Burgrave appeared, with a flush of excitement on his usually impassive face.

"Sir," said the Colonel with a gracious wave of his hand toward a chair, "I am pleased to see you. Pray be seated."

"I thought I would find you here," said the visitor. "There is—there is—some news—or rather, I should say, a rumor—yes, a rumor—in Pine street."

"Ah!" replied the Colonel, crossing his legs. "Some one failed? who is it this time?"

"I have heard of no failure."

"Virginia City burned down again?"

"Not to my knowledge. But it is said that some miners who have been working at the Lost Hope Shaft," and he paused as the Colonel uncrossed his legs and looked up with something like a gasp, "have struck the clay bed of the old river, and have found on it——".

"Gold?" shouted the Colonel, leaping to his feet, a flush mantling his cheeks.

"A very considerable quantity of coarse gold in the gravel. I have seen some of the gold."

"There!" exclaimed the old man exultantly. "Did I not tell you, my dear, that whenever they reached the clay, they would find gold—plenty of gold? I reckon that strike will be worth a cool five millions. That will teach you, my dear, not to distrust me again. Your uncle's head is as level as it ever was; my judgment is as sound as it was when I taught John Mackay how to find bonanzas."

And he began to pace the room feverishly. Ella took his hand, kissed it, and whispered: "I never distrusted you, uncle."

"I have seen doubts in that pretty face," and he patted her cheek. "But that's all done now. My judgment is going to be vindicated, and I am going to resume the place which belongs to me." He drew himself up to his full height, and marched on the unseen enemy who had so long kept the king out of his own. Then suddenly remembering the presence of his friend, he grasped Mr. Burgrave by the hands.

"Sir," said he, impressively, "I can see the hand of Providence in this. I was predestined to resurrection from my present temporary embarrassments; you were predestined to be the instrument chosen by Providence to acquaint me with the news of my restoration to the station in life which is mine of right. Sir, I thank God and you."

Ella had become deadly pale. She did not utter a word nor glance up. Mr. Burgrave avoided looking at her. With his eyes averted, he continued:

"Miss Sylvester, your uncle had better visit the mine to verify the stories which are current. If he will permit me, I will accompany him. Can you be ready in an hour, Colonel, so as to catch the train? Yes? Then I will call for you in an hour at your hotel."

* * * *

It was a tiresome walk up the hill to the mouth of the shaft. The Colonel was in wild spirits, and started off like a boy ; but he was soon glad to stop and breathe or, as he expressed it, to feast his eyes on the glorious landscape. The old road was blocked with fallen limbs of sycamore, cottonwood, and sprtice; boulders and gravel and lumps of rock had been washed down from the old dump and had effaced the wheel-ruts. Charged with the pungent fragrance of the resinous cones of the yellow pine, a gentle breeze caressed the tops of the madrona and the wild coffee tree, while under the ferns beetles ticked and a lizard chirped in a whisper. A squirrel, after a rapid survey of the intruders who invaded his ancient solitary realm, scurried away on the branch of a gnarled wild oak. At last the Colonel and his companion reached the mouth of the shaft.

There, sitting on a log and smoking a briarwood pipe, sat a miner in yellow overalls, who stared at them as they approached.

Burgrave accosted him with a cheery good-morning.

"Mornin'," growled the miner.

"Are you one of the miners working in the shaft?"

"There aint no miners workin' in that 'ere shaft."

"How is that?" asked the Colonel.

"'Cos there aint nothin' there to work."

"How so?"

"I s'pose it's 'cos God A'mighty did n't put nothin' there."

"What do you mean?" asked Burgrave, angrily. "I have myself seen the coarse gold from here."

"Mebbe you have. Anyhow, there aint no more of it. Mebbe the mine was salted. Mebbe a handful of gold got down to the bottom of the shaft outen some ancient miner's pouch in the days afore the flood. Mebbe the mine was worked before and worked out. Anyhow, me and my mate has worked that gravel all round and run drifts every way that a drift can run, and we haint found gold enough to plug a hollow tooth—nary a color to the pan. Yez can see for yerselves."

The Colonel boiled over :

"This is an infernal swindle by the villains who have been robbing me for years. But they sha'n't rob me here. I 'll fool them. Let me go down the shaft."

"Surely, surely, mister; only keep your shirt on."

And the miner, slowly stepping to the donkey-engine, kindled a small fire and called a boy to feed it.

"Just give her chips enough, Jim, to keep her a-goin' an hour or so. The gentleman 's goin' to prospect for hisself."

The smoke of the chips and twigs rose thickly through the branches, disturbing a pair of blue jays which hopped out to see what was the meaning of this unjustifiable invasion of their domain. From the boiler of the little engine a suppressed sizzle became audible. Half sitting and half lying on a small mound of rock-dust, the boy Jim fed the fire slowly, throwing in chip after chip with such accurate aim that each perched on a tongue of flame. The miner, stretched on his back, watched races between cumulus clouds and a long straggling cirrus whose feathery fibers were flying before the sun; while, high up in the sky, moving with majestic slowness, a bald eagle circled over the mountain and searched the ravine with a hungry eye.

None of these things was perceptible to Col. Carmichael's vision. He never took his eyes even for a moment from the black hole with its crosspiece or the round bar at the side with its windlass handle. His breath began to come and go quickly as he gazed eagerly at the hole. What was the bottom of that shaft destined to reveal—riches and happiness or continued poverty and renewed disappointment? Giving his fancy the rein, he saw the bottom of the shaft illuminated with the flashing splendor

of masses of shining gold—gold in the roof, gold on the sides, gold under foot. It was not flour gold, nor thread gold, but great masses which had to be sawed and chiseled apart. It occurred to him as he ran his eye over the windlass that the bucket was not stout enough to bear the weight of its contents if they were pure gold, and that a chain would have to be substituted for the rope. It would be necessary to have guards to prevent theft, and mechanically he ran his eye around to see if he was watched.

At last steam was up. It lifted the bucket, then lowered it to the edge of the hole, while the clank of the brake began. The miner rose wearily to his feet and held the rope while Col. Carmichael stepped into the bucket. Then with a gruff—"Look out now, you Jim," he threw himself down again and renewed his contemplation of the clouds.

Down sank the bucket, slowly, inch by inch, into the black hole in the earth.

The Colonel's hat disappeared from view; and Mr. Burgrave, watching the descent from above, followed the flare of the candle, till it grew as faint as the glow of a small red star in the gloom. Fascinated by a costly locket and chain which the city-man wore, the boy let his attention wander from the engine, till the miner, lazily rolling over on the grass, cast a workman's eye upon the machinery and leaped to his feet with an oath. He roared to the boy:

"Haul up! haul up! Don't ye see the rope 's slack? Ye young devil, I'll break every bone in yer body this night. Haul up, I say!"

"What 's happened?" cried Burgrave, with trembling voice.

"Bucket 's tipped over," muttered the miner; "caught on a nail or a timber sticking out—man 's hanging head down," and he sprang forward to aid the boy.

But the rusty little donkey-engine could not be quickly reversed.

While they were tugging at it the miner raised his hand.

"My God!" he muttered, "he 's lost his grip."

Out of the black hole, Burgrave heard thud! thud! thud! then the smash of timbers; next the splash of water.

"He 'll have mashed hisself ag'in the sides of the shaft," said the miner, taking a professional view of the catastrophe, "'t aint often they fall perpendic'lar."

* * * *

They laid him in Odd Fellows' Cemetery. near the scenes of his triumphs and defeats; and almost every Sunday afternoon one may see sitting on the coping that surrounds the flower-covered grave a tall and grizzled man and a slender woman—the only beings sincerely attached to the tired heart that slumbers there.

COFFEE AND CACAO INDUSTRIES OF NICARAGUA.

BY WILLIAM NEWELL.

T present there are few opportunities to make money in Nicaragua, outside of growing coffee and raising cacao.

In the first industry I am confident that it is unwise to attempt to do anything with a less capital than $3,000. It takes from three to four years for a coffee plant to produce, and during that period a person should have sufficient income outside of his plantation. It is altogether useless to rely on earning a livelihood at other employment in the country while waiting for trees to produce. Many suppose that all that is required is to put the tree into the ground and wait for it to fructify; but, as a matter of fact, the coffee plant requires so much care and attention that the planter will have his hands full on his own *hacienda* without seeking work elsewhere.

Government land available for coffee planting is now almost entirely found in the Departments of Matagalpa and Segovia. These Departments are about sixty-five miles from Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. They may be reached only by means of horse or horse and cart—there is no railway. In the rainy season the roads are in such fearful condition that it takes from five to seven days to get to either Department, but during the dry season the journey may be made in from two to three days. Lands there may be purchased at $1.50 a *manzana*, a *manzana* being nearly two English acres. The charge for surveying is about $1.50 per acre. Most of the lands in the Departments mentioned are covered with timber and undergrowth, and the expense of clearing them ranges from $6 to $25 a *manzana*. Laborers can be had for from 40 to 60 cents a day.

It is estimated that 400 coffee plants can be planted to an acre, the plants costing about $5 a thousand.

One hundred pounds of coffee can be raised for $5, Peruvian coin. A quintal of coffee has sold for the past five years for from $16 to $25, United States gold coin. A number of coffee planters have assured me that there is money in coffee, even if the price should fall to $10 a hundred pounds.

Cacao raising is another industry in which there is money to be made, but the plants do not bear earlier than the fifth, and sometimes not until the eighth year. A cacao plant requires considerable water, and is much more tender than the coffee tree. Cacao has been selling this year in Nicaragua from $1.20 to $1.50 a pound, Peruvian coin, while the price per pound in the United States has been only 30 cents. Nicaragua consumes all the cacao that she raises, the demand being even greater than the supply.

Reverting to coffee: The ideal plantation is in the hills, 1000 feet or more above the level of the sea, and with a deep loamy soil. The first work is to prepare a nursery and seed the coffee-beans. Then the planter must set to work and clear off all the undergrowth. He must also thin out the larger trees, leaving enough of them for shade, as shade is necessary to the coffee plant. Where there is not suffcient shade naturally, plantain trees are set out. The plantain is a quick, rank grower, arriving at maturity in eight months, and is a food plant as well. Next he must free the land of weeds, and in doing this he makes use of the *machete* that implement being the only

one employed in cultivating the coffee in Nicaragua.

Coffee trees, upon the best cultivated and most productive *fincas* are planted in rows running up and down the declivities, three yards apart and four yards between the rows. For the first two years the plantation must be kept perfectly clear of weeds, and this will require four to six workings a year. After that two weedings a year will suffice for the thrift of the plants.

Coffee trees begin to yield the third year, but do not give a full yield at first. The average crop from four to six-year-old plants is 400 to 600 pounds to the acre.

At the commencement of the dry season, the pickers begin to gather the berries; these are taken from the plants by hand and are placed in a wallet slung over the shoulder of the packer. When the wallet is full it is taken to the nearest roadway and emptied into two-bushel sacks. These sacks when filled are carried, on muleback, to the *patios* for drying. After this the coffee is removed to the hulling-machine to be hulled and cleaned, the work being done at one operation. It is then hand-picked to rid it of defective grains. By some it is subsequently graded, by being passed through a sheet-iron cylinder punched with different sized holes for three gradings. It is then ready for shipment.

A few planters provide water tanks, and wash their coffee as soon as it comes from the pickers. For this process only the ripe berries are picked, and three pickings are required. After washing, the product is dried while yet in the strong white skin or husk covering the berry, and then it is peeled, hand-picked, and bagged. By this process coffee is worth from $5 to $10 a quintal more than when handled otherwise. Coffee pickers are paid by the task —about 40 pounds of green berries for 10 cents.

The capital of the Department of Matagalpa is a place of some 3,000 inhabitants of a mixed race, Spanish and Indian. It has an altitude of 2,200 feet, and lies in a valley surrounded by mountains which slope 3,000 feet above the town. The thermometer never reaches a greater temperature than 70 degrees Fahrenheit, at midday, the mornings and evenings being 10 degrees cooler. A small river runs through the valley and supplies the town with an abundance of pure, wholesome water.

For fertility, the soil thereabout is unexcelled. It will grow almost everything. Coffee, cacao, sugar-cane, tobacco, corn, rice, and wheat do well without having much labor expended upon them. All vegetables flourish. The tropical fruits are seen in luxuriant abundance. An effort, on a limited scale, was made to cultivate grapes, but the proper means not being adopted, they did not thrive. Cattle-raising is another industry being carried on extensively. However, as I have already indicated, the main industry of this Department is coffee raising. It is estimated that there are now under cultivation 4,000,000 trees.

In order to induce immigration the Republic of Nicaragua has issued a law which gives to each married immigrant 120 *manzanas* of land and to each unmarried immigrant 60 *manzanas*. The immigrant, to gain advantage of this law, must become a naturalized citizen of Nicaragua. Those persons who become citizens of the Republic use the public lands with the same freedom as the natives and are exempt for ten years from municipal duties and military service, save when the liberty and sovereignty of the country are endangered.

The grantee cannot acquire ownership in the lands ceded under this law unless he cultivate at least one-half of the tract ceded him. To those desiring to remain citizens of their own country the Government makes a similar concession, but the immigrant does not acquire the property in fee

simple. He gets only a leasehold interest.

For the purpose of inducing extensive cultivation of coffee the Government has promulgated a law which gives to each person planting coffee trees a premium of five cents for every tree planted, when the number does not fall below 5,000 plants. One-half of the premium is paid when the trees are two years old, and the remainder when they begin to yield.

Nicaragua divides her lands into three classes: First, grazing land, the price of which is 30 cents a *manzana*; second, agricultural land, the price of which is $1.50 a *manzana*, and third, those lands that are watered by running streams or are naturally irrigated, the price of which is $2.00 a *manzana*. Should any of the lands mentioned contain dyewoods or timber suitable for building purposes, there is added to the price already named, the sum of 40 cents for each *manzana* so timbered.

It can be said that Nicaragua possesses at least three climates. The climate of the Pacific side of the country although hot is salubrious. On the Atlantic slope the rains, more abundant and frequent, occasion much sickness, so that the population is small and the towns of minor importance. Between these regions with warm climate rise the Andes of Nicaragua, on whose brow and tablelands is encountered a temperate clime, and on whose summit is found *la tierra fria*. In both, at night, one feels the necessity of a blanket. At midnight the thermometer in Jinotega, a Department that lies on the brow of the Andes, has been as low as 53 degrees Fahrenheit, while the average temperature of the Pacific and Atlantic slopes is 85.

Nicaragua is thus divided into three longitudinal zones. The most easterly is covered by a great unbroken forest, and its principal products are india-rubber and mahogany. The central zone is composed of grassed savannahs, on which are bred cattle, mules, and horses. It is essentially a pasturage country, though much maize and a little sugar and indigo are grown in some parts. The western zone skirts the Pacific, and is a country of fertile soil, where all the cultivated plants and fruits of the tropics thrive abundantly. Its rich land might, indeed, with a little labor, be turned into a Garden of Eden.

SELF-ACCUSED.

BY HARRIET HOWE.

BESIDE a fence, beneath an orange tree I sit, holding a bunch of grapes. Near me a great bush of crimson roses is in full bloom. Near me, too, lies my black cat, at full length, in the sun. She is entirely of a deep black, except for a small star of white at her throat like a diamond brooch.

I lean back and gaze up blinkingly into the exquisitely pure blue distance. There is not one fleck of cloud in sight. The luxuriousness of the day is beyond words. Two bees come seeking my grapes. The perfume of the grapes is delicious. I greedily pull one from the bunch and put it into my mouth. What a delight to crunch its cool, sweet flesh and feel its richly flavored juice spread its freshness around my tongue!

A nightshade plant reaches over the fence from the other side, droops down, and touches my head. Because it comes of a wicked race I gaze at it in disgust. Yet it has blossoms—delicate, white blossoms. Why should I regard it with abhorrence?

A gorgeous brown-and-gold butterfly floats indolently by. My cat rouses herself and gazes at it, her lips twitching. It alights upon a rose. She creeps toward it; and, as it rises to float away, she springs and, seizing it in both paws, brings it to the ground.

A slight shock runs through me—that so beautiful a thing should be destroyed. Yet I stir not to set it free. . . . Turning to face me, keeping her paws still upon the butterfly, the cat waves her tail triumphantly. Then she settles herself to her work. I hear the shelly thorax crush between her shining teeth. Her tail now moves only at the very tip and slowly—a sign of enjoyment.

I feel faintly horrified. For relief I crunch more of the beautiful bloomy grapes.

Unwillingly I recognize the similarity of the sounds.

Presently the cat comes to me with the short, black fur of her jaws powdered with brown and golden dust.

"Go away," I say to her, but gently; and she, sitting then at a little distance, begins to wash herself.

The grapes were as beautiful as the butterfly, and I ate them!

I look out over the fence, feeling disturbed. I see coming across a field a wretched woman, barefooted, bareheaded, yellow-haired—toiling under a bundle of sticks.

I turn away.

From another direction comes faintly the wail of a sick child.

I glance downward.

A small, round, blue flower with outspread petals looks up at me like a wide-open eye. The nightshade taps me on the head again.

Having eaten all the grapes, I pluck a rose that offers itself, and chew its velvety leaves.

What! the grapes—then a rose!

Now, indeed, the heat of the day is becoming unendurable.

MEMORIES OF EDWIN BOOTH.

BY MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

ONE of the pleasantest retrospects of my long service in the theatre is in this: that I have not only acted in many of the Skakespearian and "legitimate" dramas with Mr. Booth, but that I also enjoyed a measure of his friendship and got to know something of him as a man.

Edwin Booth began his career as a star during the early fifties, in California, a State whose people have ever since reserved an especially warm place in their hearts for the tragic drama. Here he acted not only in many of his father's plays, but also in a great variety of pieces from tragedy to the broadest farce. San Francisco, then a crude town, received him with favor and gave him his first expectations of success. For a long time, however, his road was difficult. Accompanied by a small band of players, he went from town to town, from mining-camp to mining-camp, giving his performances as best he could—seldom having the aid of scenery, and often being obliged to erect his own stage in some rough barn or hall. The living was very precarious, and often the star and his followers found themselves in desperate straits. After many adventures and hardships he started East, as poor in pocket as when he arrived, but far richer in dramatic experience.

During the early part of his career I saw but little of him, being a very busy worker myself, serving my apprenticeship in Baltimore and Philadelphia associated with many of the great players of the day—Murdock, Davenport, Cushman, James Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Julia Dean, Eliza Logan, and Edwin Forrest, all of whom, with the exception of Mrs. Drew, have passed away.

It was not until some years after Mr. Booth's remarkably successful run of Hamlet at the Winter Garden, New York, and when he had come to be acknowledged as the foremost interpreter of Shakespeare in America, that I had an opportunity of witnessing one of his performances. The play that evening was Hamlet, and well do I remember the occasion. I was enjoying a brief rest at the time from a tour of unusual arduousness, and I went to the theater with a deep sense of pleasure in the recreation and with expectations keenly aroused. I had seen all the great Hamlets of the period, including that of Charles Fechter—having been present at his London *début* in that character, when he cast stage traditions aside by appearing in brilliant costume and a light-colored flowing wig and assuming, so far as possible, a colloquial delivery. His was a highly novel, interesting Prince of Denmark, but hardly Shakespearian. Edward L. Davenport's Hamlet, a remarkably fine impersonation, distinctive for its constant suggestion of the scholarly and philosophical side of the young Prince's character, and that of James E. Murdock—a masterpiece of elocutionary beauty, were also fresh in my mind.

Mr. Booth's portrayal of the trying role that evening not only fully satisfied, but fascinated and deeply impressed me. Judged simply as a piece of artistic work it did not seem to surpass in any marked degree that of the gentlemen just named; but as an embodiment of a noble yet complex soul environed by a body of singular charm and comeliness—a prince of princes, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—it was vastly superior. The reason for this was to be found in the fact that Mr. Booth brought to the role not only the technical knowledge of an accomplished actor, an exquisite voice, and a remarkable power of expression, but also a personality unique for its distinction, grace, and magnetism. There shall always linger with me a vivid remembrance of the manly beauty of that face which I then saw for the first time behind the foot-lights—the delicately cut classic features, the proud, sensitive mouth, and the dark, glowing eyes of seemingly unfathomable depths. It was a face sometimes cold in repose, but capable of a great variety of expression. Brotherly love for Horatio; dread, awe, filial reverence; love for Ophelia—and its resulting misery and despair; hatred for the King; horror at his mother's conduct; the satanical delight of the successful trick of the play-scene; the madman-like joy at the final catastrophe; and then the touching resignation at the end, "The rest is silence"—all these shone in the Prince's features, as if in a mirror of his soul.

EDWIN BOOTH WHEN THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

I saw this impersonation many times afterwards, on several occasions myself playing the Queen, but it was only to increase my admiration for it. There are two scenes in the play which to my mind Mr. Booth played with surpassing excellence: the scene with the Queen, which was done with rare, impassioned intensity and pathos, and the scene with the Ghost on the platform. It was in this latter scene that he struck the keynote of the play. The Prince's awe and half-whispered reverence for his father's "spirit in arms" impressed one at once with the presence and power of the supernatural; and, when the Ghost vanished from the scene, one might see upon the features of the now thoroughly aroused son, eager to avenge his father's death, the shadow of an overhanging fate. Hamlet's sensitiveness to the conditions of the hour and his apparent helplessness to withstand them were here emphasized in his complete absorption in the Ghost's mission.

Those men whose natures respond the most readily and fully to outward influences are generally men of vivid imagination and weak will. Such a man was Hamlet; and throughout the play he successively dreams, drifts, groans and sweats, rejoices and hopes—the slave of circumstances, vainly battling against their toils, and typifying Man in the constant struggle taking

place within him here on earth—the struggle between his spiritual nature and his passions. Such I believe was Shakespeare's Hamlet ; such, to me, was Mr. Booth's.

But it is unnecessary for me to analyze, so many having seen this Hamlet and knowing it for themselves. It is enough to say that while Mr. Booth dominated our stage, he made the role almost exclusively his own. The sweetness, the gentleness, the pathos, the poetic beauty, and the tragic grandeur of the melancholy Dane lived again in him; and the memory of that portrayal will dwell a long time with the American public, which has for a generation showered the greatest honors and plaudits upon it.

While Mr. Booth's name will go down to posterity as the great Hamlet of the age, I think the crowning artistic triumph of the distinguished player's career was his Richelieu. Edwin Forrest's performance of this difficult role was a superb one, yet I regard Mr. Booth's as truer to the historic picture and the author's ideal. Forrest's Cardinal was a man of great physical as well as mental force, and one was as much impressed by the majesty of his figure and bearing as by the power of his volition and intellect. Booth's Cardinal constantly suggested the triumph of mind over matter. We saw before us a man of frail physique, who lived only in the soul—his features almost spiritual in refined and dignified beauty, his manners sometimes as soft and gentle as a woman's ; yet all the while his character dominated by a will than which no adamant could be more firm, less yielding, and by a mind powerful as any that ever swayed the destinies of men.

I have played Julie with them both, and have felt the spell of each in the scène containing the famous speech :

"Mark, where she stands! around her form
I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head — yea, though it wore a
crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!"

Forrest's method in that scene was to work up gradually to the climax, giving the words just quoted with all the strength of his marvelous voice, until it seemed as if a tidal wave were about to overwhelm everything. Booth reached his climax here with startling suddenness, and the words were shrieked out with an intensity that was awful. It came like an electric flash out of a clear sky, seeming to inspire a terror that was supernatural and a warning prophetic of annihilation.

Iago, Shylock, Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge," and Brutus were roles congenial to him and which won for him the unstinted praise of critics and public. Iago was a masterpiece of insinuating and consummate villainy, buoyant in spirit, irresistible in its fascination of manner, and perfect in its delicacy of execution. Shylock and Bertuccio were also highly finished and strongly drawn character-studies, and Brutus the very embodiment of the gentle, big-hearted, noble, Roman soldier. Who that has heard can ever forget the pathos of some of the speeches of Brutus as they fell from the lips of Booth?

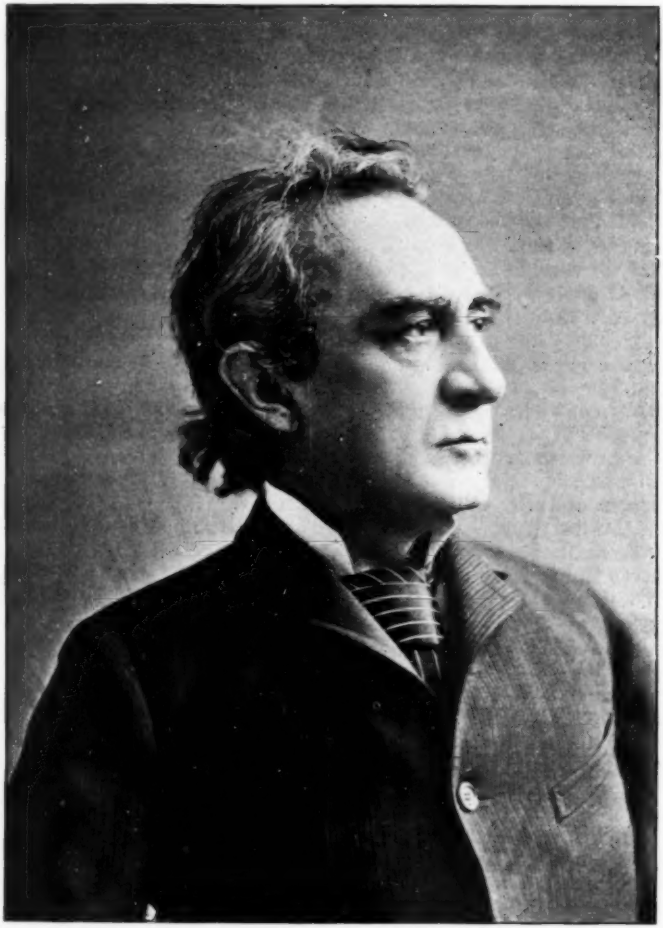
"You are my true and honorable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart"

must be immortal melody.

While Mr. Booth's physique and style somewhat unsuited him for the accepted idea of Othello, he achieved success in the role ; and, in the light of his conception, the performance was masterly in every detail. No other Othello that I have ever seen resembled it. The Moor in his hands was vastly more gentle and refined than he is usually represented. Booth's Othello was a man of the most delicate nervous organization, intensely human, supersensitive, and with a nature responsive to the slightest touch. Whether his conception was the true one or not, his Moor was the most intellectual of all within my recollection.

I first acted with Mr. Booth during,

I believe, the second year of his management of the structure known as Booth's theatre, which stood at the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, New York. He made a proposition for me to play Lady Macbeth to his Macbeth in a special production of the tragedy. I accepted the proposal; and I have long cherished the memories of the exceptionally pleasant engagement which followed. He did everything to make me feel at home in my new surroundings, and seemed over-anxious that I should have every advantage due the character which I was about to play.



EDWIN BOOTH AS HE APPEARED TWO YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

In this connection I wish to say that I never met one in my profession so generous to his brother and sister artists in the matter of dramatic points as he. Mr. Booth was ever eager to see those with whom he was thrown

have every opportunity to succeed, and a round of applause or a call before the curtain for another always seemed to be a source of genuine pleasure to him. He was entirely unselfish. Envy or jealousy never for one moment found a place in the heart of Edwin Booth, and within the theatre his gentle, considerate nature impelled him to an extreme of courtesy and good-will very beautiful to contemplate.

The company engaged for this occasion was a strong one, and the scenic splendor, together with the completeness of all accessories, made the production notable. It was a delight to act with such an artist, and I never remember to have experienced more personal satisfaction in my work than I did during that first performance. We played the murder scene (as we call it in the theatre) almost in a whisper; and the effect was, that in that immense place one could have heard a pin drop. During the whole play I was hardly conscious of the effort which the acting of Lady Macbeth usually demands. So entirely responsive with eye, lip, and gesture had Mr. Booth been to each thought as it came, that it seemed as though the veriest tyro in dramatic art could not have failed to act with him.

Some two or three seasons after this I played a brief engagement with him in Boston, appearing in Richelieu, the Merchant of Venice, and Much Ado. The performance of the first-named play was made memorable by the presence in one of the boxes of Longfellow, Ole Bull, and James T. Fields. When the curtain fell our distinguished visitors came on the stage, and Mr. Booth presented me to them. It was a most venerable sight to see the aged poet standing there, with his long white hair and beard, his fine brow overhanging deep-set thoughtful eyes, and his broad shoulders as yet but little bent beneath the weight of years. Mr. Longfellow's manner was remarkably like Mr. Booth's: reserved—yet, when he was interested, winning and gentle in the extreme—and distinguished for its dignified simplicity. It was touching to note with what affection and admiration he regarded the actor.

My last engagement with Mr. Booth was in 1880, in a supplementary season of seven weeks when he and Salvini joined forces. The plays were Othello and Hamlet, with Mr. Booth as Iago and Hamlet, Salvini as Othello and the Ghost, Miss Wainwright as Desdemona and Ophelia, and myself as Emilia and the Queen. After the curtain fell, on the last night of the engagement in Philadelphia (these last nights are sad occasions for the player), Mr. Booth approached Salvini and asked him, with the simplicity of a child, to give him the jeweled sword he wore as the Moor. Salvini immediately drew the weapon from his belt, and presented it with a gracious smile and gesture. The act seemed to please Mr. Booth greatly, and he murmured his "thank you," with great feeling. As he moved away to his dressing-room I saw that he was much affected. I never saw him after, with the exception of one night at Daly's some two years ago, when he seemed to have sadly failed.

His death, though not unexpected, was a heavy blow to all who had the fine delight of being numbered among his personal friends. They who had felt the exquisite charm of his splendid genius as a player mourned sincerely; but they who knew and loved him also for his qualities of heart, his graces in private life, were stricken with a sorrow that time is powerless to kill. The passing hence of those around whom the tendrils of our affection are entwined stuns, however well we were forewarned.

On a bright June morning, the funeral services—brief and simple, as had been his wish—were held in "The Little Church Around the Corner;" and the throng which gathered there testified to the esteem in which he was held.

Edwin Booth's career not only dig-

nified and ennobled the English-speaking stage, but it shed luster and renown upon the American people. As an artist, he was a genius. His intellect was broad and receptive. While, perhaps, not a profound scholar in a general sense, he was well read in all that pertained to his art, and was especially well informed in the historical environments of the many characters he portrayed. No actor ever had a truer comprehension of the many involved and difficult passages of Shakespeare than he. In his work he

BOOTH AS HAMLET.

was always direct and sincere, and everything he did was marked by perfect good taste. He never over-elaborated a part, and he never resorted to tricks to win approbation. For the sake of being thought original he would never introduce a piece of "business" that would for one moment call the thought from the picture. His conceptions of his characters were both lofty and consistent, and it seemed to be his purpose so far as lay in his power to present the spiritual sides of their natures.

Not long ago I read an article by one who assumed to speak with authority, wherein Mr. Booth was somewhat slightingly spoken of as an "elocutionist." It was also said that the school of which he was the leading representative had died with him. Mr. Booth was an elocutionist, that is, one versed in the art of the delivery of language; but it was an accomplishment that only unconsciously heightened the power and beauty of his acting. His "elocution" was an eloquence not only of speech but of action, and without that eloquence no actor of to-day or of any time can truly picture the heroes of the master dramatist. When I have listened to him I have often wondered if at his birth bees did not lay their honey upon his lips, as they are fabled to have done with Pindar, the great lyric poet of ancient Greece. True eloquence like his, be it of speech, of action, or of thought, cannot die, but will live and find a responsive chord in the breasts of men as long as their hearts can be moved by the beautiful and noble. I believe there are young men in our profession in America here to-day who will in time take up his mantle; and I sincerely hope they will never depreciate his successes, but rather study carefully their secrets and strive to emulate the examples of his artistic life.

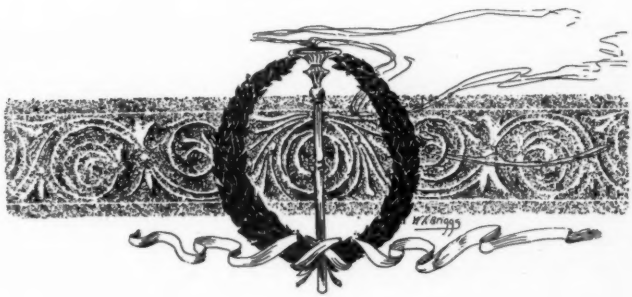
Great as Mr. Booth was as an artist, it is chiefly for his qualities as a man that his friends love and honor his memory. He was above all a *gentle* man—always kind and considerate of others, and to the humblest stage hand he was as courteous as to the most prominent among his acquaintances. His generosity was unbounded and unostentatious; his right hand never knew what his left hand did. He relieved the widow, the fatherless, the old, and the unfortunate, and helped to smooth their way with kind encouragement.

Those who had the slighest claim upon his hand or purse or heart were cared for with a solicitude truly affecting. In this regard it was touching to observe how fond his servants

were of him; they were ever eager to testify their attachment, and would have gone through almost any ordeal to serve him. *Apropos* of this, one instance: At the memorial services recently given in New York by the Players' Club an aged and feeble colored woman applied for admission, but as that was granted only by presentation of card and she could not show one, she was refused. When her story was heard a little later, however, she was at once admitted, and was given a place of honor in the very front seat. She had been Mr. Booth's nurse when he was a little boy, and had come all the way from Baltimore, through a driving storm, to pay her humble yet loving tribute to his memory.

Throughout Mr. Booth's life many terrible burdens and sorrows oppressed him; but he bore them all in succession uncomplainingly, with calmness and fortitude. He died before his time, worn out by them and by the exacting and exhausting labors of his profession; but he left the world happier and better for his having lived. A sweeter, truer, nobler nature never illumined the mimic stage.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"



ALICE—A TRUE STORY.

BY EDMOND T. DOOLEY.

THE rescue of Alice would have begun sooner had she been of the waif class; but she was the mere chattel or bond-child of so-called foster parents—very reputable people as the world goes—when in 1883, in San Francisco, at the end of a bitter legal contest, her custody and guardianship were awarded the superintendent of a charitable society. Alice was then in her fourteenth year. Her simple story is given, not so much as a mere instance of injustice to a defenseless child, such instances being too common to excite special interest, but as affording us in Alice herself a subject somewhat resembling the case of Caspar Hauser, that is strikingly illustrative of the hollow, artificial, heartless nature of much that stands with us as civilization.

Alice was a native of Copper Island, a strip of land of the Czar's domain, in Bering Sea. A glance at her suf-

ficiently satisfied one as to her Esquimaux origin. She was an orphan—one of the few cases in which orphanage such as succeeds from the death of improvident or unworthy parents is found to be a disadvantage to the object of charity or of humane interposition. Though her grandfather was said to have once been Governor or head of the island, she was for some time a waif among the abjectly poor of her little country. She spoke a corruption of the Russian language.

"Everybody fished in my country," said Alice; "the women and all the boys and girls fished for the seal. We would run about them in the water, to scare them and make them go upon the land, and the men would rush in and kill them; and that 's how we all fished."

Up there Alice had seen, during the twelve or thirteen years of her life, probably three hundred and fifty persons — had known nearly every mortal her eyes had seen. Horse or cow, it was reserved for her first to behold in San Francisco. One ship only and the same from year to year, touched at Copper Island. Captain Sandman, now dead, was master of the ship—the property of the Alaska Commercial Company.

"Few people got letters there," related Alice, "because not many could read; and those that got them would sometimes read them to everybody and make fine time. When I was about three years of old, my father he die, and then my poor mather she sick long time, though she work for us every day, and she die. It seem long, long ago—I was little girl. My mather was not fine lady—we have no fine lady in my country, but she was so good to every person; tell me to be always honest girl; and she have big heart for me and my little sister and brother. Once, one young man he come visit that country. He bring little box and he get lot people sit down and my mather sit too, and he make a picture that people. If I could have me such picture my dear mather, I die I be so happy!"

Some time after the death of her mother, Alice fell into the hands of a trader and his wife, Russians who had gone up from San Francisco. She was their slave, and as such fared poorly with them even while they remained at Copper Island. "But there among my people she was not so terrible to me as here, where I know no person, nor could speak the language," she said. "The people there did not like them, and so they come here. Here she pull me by my hair around the room. She call me every bad name. She give me no clothes like other work-girls. I have eating and bed like dog, but I work and scrub and do everything for her all the time." It was too true.

Alice was placed by her new guardian with a young married couple. Reporting upon Alice one day the lady said: "She is an *angel* to baby." Alice, being present in the parlor of the society's headquarters was allowed to go up-stairs to visit among the inmates she had known, whereupon her mistress resumed: "Oh, sir, she *is* good to the baby, and does as I tell her, though she evidently does not like me; but do you know that Alice is an enormous thief? She does not yet even know that I have missed anything, but she has taken my precious diamond wedding set, given me by my husband and very valuable. What shall I do if I do not recover it? And surely in any event she must be sent to jail!" She was certain that the ward had not only taken the diamonds but "a cupful of jewelry" besides.

Alone with his charge, the guardian began:

"Alice, how do you like your home?"

Alice by this time had acquired a fair use of our language. It was a quaint, soft English, and scant; but her slim stock of words, always used with much effect, displayed more of force to-day than she had been thought

"SHE NOT SEND ME ONE DAY TO SCHOOL."

to possess. "I like the baby and would like the place well enough, if *that woman* [the mistress herself] did not live there! She say 'Stupid' and speak hard names and she look at me mean!"

"Alice, Mrs. B—— cannot find her diamonds! Could you tell me where they are?" Hesitating a moment, not shamefacedly, she answered: "Maybe I could—if you will take me away from her!"

"But, Alice, if it were found that *you* had taken them to keep—which would be *stealing* and a *crime*, you might be sent to jail for a long time. And then, Alice, what would your *mother* think about this if *she* were alive?"

Reference to the adored dead of this meditative, lonesome child of Nature elicited a sudden gush of tears and "My poor, sweet mather!" spoken so sadly and with a look of such unutterable reproach towards her inquisitor as if to have added: "*She* would understand me!" But it produced no sign of guilt or of weakening. Did Alice fail to understand, or, understanding, could she not feel the enormity of her situation? Was Alice a moral "defective?"

It seemed to him that he had excited in Alice only surprise and disappointment — perhaps also pity for himself that he should seem to distrust her. But without a trace of guilt she continued, almost fiercely:

"I steal nothing! I afraid no person, so long you my guardian! If she want her fix-up stuff, only fit for little girl, I gave it the girls upstairs last time I come."

Sure enough! Justified, to her notions, by the shortcomings and *maturity* of her mistress—conceiving that having ceased to be a child she put away childish things (and surely there is puerility in much of our feminine subordination to personal adornment), Alice had gathered up these baubles as she ran across them from time to time and had distributed them among the *little* girls of her acquaintance. She showed an unfeigned contempt for the woman who would call the taking of such trifles by so hard a name as stealing. Had Mrs. B—— been present she might have felt that possibly she herself was the delinquent and that there was justice in the irony of Alice's language and of the situation developed.

The jewelry was returned, but it was not on this account that Alice was not imprisoned. However, lest our philosophy fail—the experiment involved more than we had any right to risk,—we took the girl to the Russian Consul and also for a conference with a clergyman of the Russian Church, in order that in her own language she might have explanation of her position and warning as to the legal consequences. It was, however, a mistaken step—a needless rasping of the already overwrought sensibilities of this poor misunderstood stranger in a strange world.

Her next home was no better than the last. The mistress was barren of the judgment and stability that should mark every woman that sets out upon the mission of wife and mother.

Her guardian concluded to try her next in his own home. She was to have ten dollars a month (her first wages) with her "living" and such special instructions as there might be opportunity to give. Of course she was untidy in personal habits and appearance, poor with the needle, and nothing at housekeeping; the regular bath was for some time irksome. But her occasional quiet manifestation of a spirit of patronage of some of our ways served to stimulate interest in the girl's perceptions and mental trend. Reproved by her guardian, she never returned impudence, however much her scowl might inspire a Rembrandt.

Alice was at once childish and very womanly. She could not be induced to defer to any person of a petulant turn, or lacking in more than ordinary decision; nor could she be made to budge a hand's breadth by one applying to her an opprobrious term. Simple and

even dejected as was her appearance, inwardly Alice lived in an inviolable independence—distinctness of autonomy. Regal was our modest, quiet Alice, in that inner, upper realm of her own.

Until she was given calico to make up for herself, under instruction of course, she had no mind for the needle; but a greater stimulus still was found in giving her a doll to keep supplied with clothes. The tenderness she displayed towards her doll was amazing. A living baby could hardly have been given more serious care.

While in her reading lessons and in the simple work in arithmetic given she seemed at first slow, her plodding persistency and strong grasp of what she did acquire were remarkable. From where she began to fairly comprehend the thought of her reading, her daily progress and the growth of intelligence in the expression of her face were surprising, indeed. We that knew her, however, never thought her dull. We recognized openness, and in that smile both strength of character and uncommon intelligence.

Her loyalty and never-failing kindness to the different members of the family—especially towards the children, who could never escape her vigilance not tire her patience—partook of the nature of the divine. Towards anyone disposed to be harsh with them, whoever the offender might be and whatever the consequences to herself, she certainly displayed the nature of the savage—or is it of the more civilized? Her interest, faithfulness, and gentleness reached even to her guardian's horse and dog. One day he saw his two-year-old boy standing quite alone as it seemed from a distance, in dangerous proximity to the horse's heels. Calling "look out!" he ran to the rescue. From behind a bush, between which and the horse the baby was playing, like an apparition arose Alice. She seized the child before the father could get to him, and with a look combining fierceness and alarm, darted past as if a mad dog were about to devour the child. She ran through the stable and out into a back lot, where, with her charge, she sought refuge among the tall weeds. "Alice," she was asked, "why run?" Still holding him firmly in her arms and receding as she spoke, she huskily answered: "He all right! You please not touch him! You not see I hold him from the horse by his dress?"

The girl was pained to the depths of her nature by what she deemed a suggestion that she was neglectful of the baby's safety.

When she came to the Society's Home her teeth were white and sound. It soon appeared however that the habits, food, etc., of what we term civilization had begun their insidious work. Her nature had not been sufficiently *toughened* by antecedent "civilization" to endure the processes of our "advancement." So came dental work, fifty dollars' worth, before she had been long from the North; so came a cough, that clung in spite of medicines and flannel underwear, and regardless of exemptions and a care she had never known before.

Her guardian's family lived in San Francisco. She needed the more equable climate of the interior. They thought they knew of a better home for her in which there was less of imperative work to be done and more leisure for her instructions and improvement. Alice cried, begged, protested, declared she would run away from her new home, and finally became sullen and almost defiant. During the ensuing three months came many letters from Alice, each telling of her unhappiness. Finally, one came saying: "She not send me one day to school, nor teach me any lesson at home." The guardian addressed a letter to her mistress asking that he be sent the girl's three monthly school reports. He had great faith in Alice's word, but no right to decide without evidence or *ex parte*. Besides, he had learned that people rarely see straight,

or seeing will speak the simple truth, when their interests or desires are touched. But in answer to the inquiry came the cool acknowledgment: "I have had too much company to spare Alice for school, and have been too busy to teach her." In other words, she had had too much company and had been too busy to deal justly by this girl—to pay her in any form for her services. Surely, Alice had never seen morality like that among the honest simple folk of her uncivilized race! At *that* stage of her attainments in civilization Alice could hardly have so wronged any person. One of her native icebergs would have been as considerate of her rights and as warm of heart.

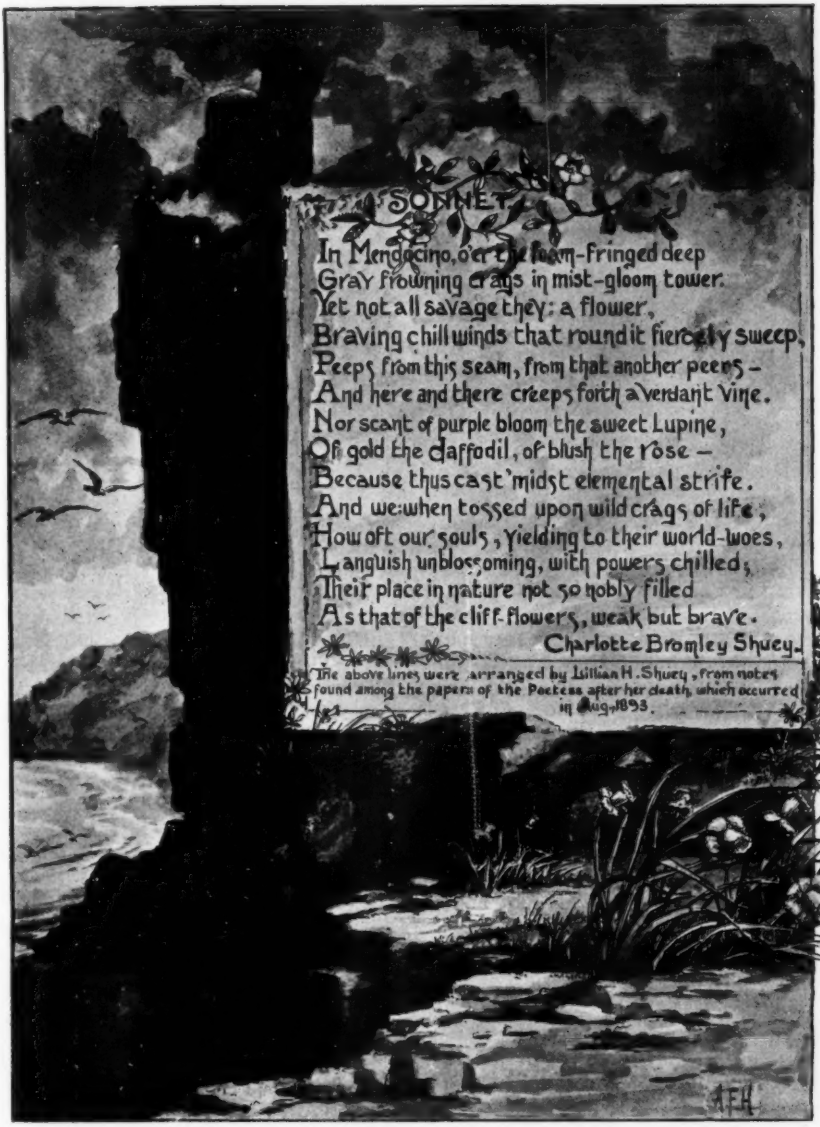
Alice's joy in returning seemed complete though her cough was worse than when she left and the naturally prominent cheekbones now reflected that fatal flush. Her friends felt alarmed and determined to send her at once to Los Angeles, whose salubrity might lull to sleep the disease in its initial character. It was a bitter separation this time to them as well as to Alice, for she had become very dear and they had little doubt she was never to return—that death had set seal upon that simple beautiful life. But she was given no intimation of their fears.

"Because you say so, I go," she said. "I go to come back well and take care of you all, and to come again to the children and make us all happy. If you, my guardian, soon come to see me I go. If not, I stay here." Assured of his coming soon, Alice again left, this time to be a patient or boarder in a Los Angeles sanitarium. How pathetic her parting words and how rapurously she spoke of the time when she would again return! Had her friends known better of course they would not have added Alice to the number of the banished sick.

Christmas was at hand; and remembering the little picture she so often mentioned—that of the group of natives, including her mother—her guardian determined to get it for her if possible. He found that the photograph was in the possession of the people from whom he first took Alice. They were willing to loan the picture, and from it he had painted a very fair portrait of that "lofely mather." Never was daughter made happier by any mere gift. "My mather! My mather! My lofely mather! She very sick then! She no sick now! God he take all away that thin face! Yet I no can remember when my poor mother's face was not a tired, sick face. Maybe He make everybody up there look best with such face as all person know that loved them here." Alice spoke softly always, but with an indescribable intensity peculiar to her nature. She wore a very heavenliness of countenance as she spoke, heightened, perhaps, by that flush 'neath which lurks death, while she showered kisses upon the picture of that homely Aleutian face.

She was greatly excited upon seeing her guardian again. Rushing forward, she seized his left hand, kissed it fervently and, dropping upon her knees, placed it upon her bowed head, holding it there reverently as if it might bless and heal.

A few months later she became well—forever; went to her precious mother. Were there no future life, death were a happy disenthrallment to this sensitive, honest nature. At the foot of the sick-bed, always facing Alice, hung the presentment of that mother. With hands clasped as if in devotion, her eyes fixed upon the mother's face, her own illumined as from "the better world," and breathing as an angel might, "my lofely mather!" returned to God a gentle soul that had been true to every ray of light it had known.


SONNET.
In Mendocino, o'er the foam-fringed deep
Gray frowning crags in mist-gloom tower.
Yet not all savage they: a flower,
Braving chill winds that round it fiercely sweep,
Peeps from this seam, from that another peers –
And here and there creeps forth a verdant vine.
Nor scant of purple bloom the sweet Lupine,
Of gold the daffodil, of blush the rose –
Because thus cast 'midst elemental strife.
And we: when tossed upon wild crags of life,
How oft our souls, yielding to their world-woes,
Languish unblossoming, with powers chilled;
Their place in nature not so nobly filled
As that of the cliff-flowers, weak but brave.
Charlotte Bromley Shuey.
The above lines were arranged by Lillian H. Shuey, from notes found among the papers of the Poetess after her death, which occurred in Aug., 1893.
A.F.H.

ANCIENT CANAL (RESTORED) THROUGH THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ENGINEERING IN ARIZONA.

BY R. E. L. ROBINSON.

WHILE there are on every hand throughout the length and breadth of Arizona and New Mexico decaying evidences of a vast population that lived at sometime anterior to history, we are yet compelled to base our estimate of the civilization of those ancients upon the results of investigation in a few distinct lines.

Fruitful investigation has been carried on in the mounds and beneath the tumble-down walls in the hope of finding relics, manuscripts, and articles of household use upon which to predicate conclusions. With this no fault can be found; but in view of the narrowness of the opportunities of research it is strange that so little of the attention of inquirers has been bestowed on the old systems of engineering—strange, that is, because of all the remains indicative of the advancement and status of the mound-builders nothing yet discovered is so well preserved or so easy of inspection. Among the engineering works left by Pre-Columbians nothing yet found in Mexico, Central America, or South America so well proves them well-informed and industrious as the canals by which the desert valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers were irrigated. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting for me to speak at some length of my observations as to this network of canals.

From the junction of the Gila with the Great Colorado to near the Gila's source in the Mogollon Mountains, a distance of several hundred miles, and along such of the Gila's tributaries as the Salt and the Verde besides others of less note, every few miles one comes upon these ancient water ways. To the casual observer they appear like *arroyos* in the desert; but if he thinks for a moment he will remember that winter rains and cloudbursts do not cut ditches straight as a taut line, often through gravel-beds and solid

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SUPERSTITION GORGE.

granite. To the mere passer-by this is the distinguishing feature; but to him who cares to investigate there are a hundred other characteristics that brand the work as artificial.

Where stone has been removed during the progress of excavation the walls are smooth as if they had been broken so by repeated strokes of some blunt instrument—probably axes of quartzite or obsidian, as such instruments are found in all the ruins. Where the excavations were made in gravel or soil only, the bottoms are trough-shaped and show a lime sediment of from one-eighth to one-half an inch in thickness, which settled there during the generations the canals were in use. This sediment acted very much as a lining, preventing percolation; and the theory has been advanced that it, also, is artificial and was put there to prevent leakage. This is hardly reasonable;

A PRE-COLUMBIAN CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK.

[From a recent photograph taken along the line of an ancient water-way in Arizona.]

for the lining is found where the course lay through stone, as well as where it lay through sand and clay.

In locating the canals every possible advantage was taken of *arroyos* and "draws;" and nowhere have I yet found the grade of the water-bed more than thirty inches to the mile, so that the rush and wash of the immense volume of water they must have carried was minimized and the banks and bottoms protected. At intervals there were "falls" several feet in height, where the water dropped abruptly over the artificial walls constructed to equalize the grade. In one or two instances the natural fall of the ground through which the canals ran was more than ten feet per mile, down which the water would have rushed like a mountain torrent, tearing away the embankment in a very short period, had no precaution been taken to prevent it. Consequently, if the engineers wished the depth capacity of the ditch to be eight feet, they began the work at the headgate by sinking twelve feet, then, by allowing the excavation the grade of two feet, at the end of the mile there were yet four feet to overcome. This they accomplished by dropping that distance. Then they started a new section, following the same grade as before. In many of the places where these falls were, there are yet depressions that remain filled with water for some weeks after the rainy season has passed and other parts of the desert have become dry and parched. These were rounded out, basin-like, by the continual fall of the water in transit through the canal. The identity of a fall is easily determined by the wall of boulders designed to prevent the wearing away of the bank.

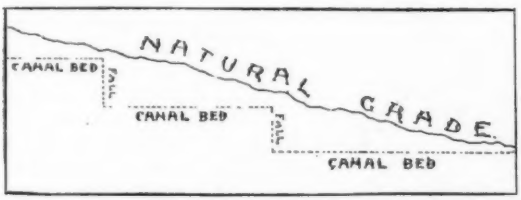
OLD INDIAN-CARVINGS ON ROCKS SOUTH OF THE SALT RIVER, ARIZONA.

[From a recent photograph.]

Many of the modern canals in the valley run upon the same grade and wherever possible through the same excavations that were utilized by the

Pre-Columbians; so that actual experience has proven that with all our modern knowledge of engineering we are unable to improve upon the work accomplished by this ancient people. In one or two cases the old lines have been deviated from and new ways opened; but the grade is from five to six feet to the mile, and the great body of water passing through has, in the short time they have been in use, inflicted much injury on the bottoms and embankments.

In their preparation for work the old-time engineers figured accurately on the grade or fall of the river-bed in connection with that of the valley sloping from the foothills on either side, and by that means saved much labor in the way of excavation. The river meanders more or less across the valley, but its average distance from the mountains is about eight miles; the mean fall is seven and one-half feet, while the fall of the river (I am now speaking of the Salt) from the mouth of the Verde to its junction with the Gila is something less. In every case, except that which I will hereafter mention, the engineers went far enough above the land upon which they wished to place the water, to get the advantage of the rainfall; then, taking their conduits out at some bend, they ran them diagonally across the territory thus cut off, skirting as nearly as possible the foothills, at the same time keeping a natural grade of about two feet. When they found that, owing to a rise of the ground, the grade was lessening, thus placing the water too low for distribution through the canals, they bore in more toward the river. In many instances while running these diagonal lines they came in contact with broad "draws" called "sand-washes" which come in from the hills and bear away the floods of the rainy season though for the greater part of the year they are dry. These washes to some extent modify the slope toward the river; and, taking advantage of it, the builders when on the overlooking eminence very often changed their line and ran directly at right angles with the original direction, thus carrying the water far away and sometimes among the hills themselves, utilizing for cultivation every acre of tillable land. Sometimes, by the modifying grade of these washes they were enabled to parallel the river for miles, running the water in either direction as far as the slope would allow.



PLALE NO. I, ILLUSTRATING THE METHOD OF THE EARLY CANAL-BUILDERS FOR OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES OF STEEP DESCENTS.

The instance I shall mention in which this advantage was not taken, was where the canal was intended to irrigate only the land lying adjacent to the river and no remarkably uneven surface was to be contended with. These ditches were only slight modifications of the natural grade, and always ran parallel with the source of supply, raising the water above the actual level of the land and obtaining ease in distribution. They were usually only a few miles in length and must have been opened only on stated occasions when the water was needed; for at the terminations the bottoms of several are fully ten feet above the surrounding level, doubtless having been graded above the river fall to prevent the washing of the banks by the rapidly running water. Besides, a constant flow would have caused flood. In one case that I know of, the canal ran several miles parallel to the river and only half a mile from it, finally discharging its excess back into tho source from which it origin-

ally came, amounting, after all, to nothing more than a change of channel in part of the flow with the advantage of raising it to a height where it might be of use.

It does not appear to have been their custom to store water for future use, and it is probable that at that time the flow of the river was continual and of such volume as to make it unnecessary. The only exception to the rule that I have yet discovered is the case of the reservoir south of the Salt, near the Pima reservation, and illustrated by Plate No. 2. It is now dry and the surface of the surrounding country has changed to some extent; but the height to which the water came upon the rocks and gravel-beds that formed the margin is easily traced by the aid of the silt and alkaline deposits. On the north side there is a ledge of porphyry, a detached portion of the Maricopa Mountains, that crops out the entire length and upon which the watermark is unmistakable. The reservoir was about six miles in length by four in width, a Lake Meoris in minature; and, like Meoris, it was a natural depression filled by what I may term the "flood-tide" of the river. There is no evidence of excavation except in the channel by which it was filled, and in all probability it was caused by the earthquake that detached the portion of the neighboring mountain. It lay about three miles from the river as it anciently ran, measuring by the canal that filled it—though a less distance across the porphyry ledge, at a point where much more labor would have been necessary to make the channel. High-water on the river was about eighteen feet above the bottom of the lake. Apparently the canal was opened, the depression allowed to fill, and the impounded water taken out as needed through three canals opening on the south. These can only be traced a little way, because of repeated overflows in modern times; but the entire valley and a part of the mountain-side are dotted with the mound-like ruins of buildings, proving the past existence of a city which must have been supplied with water stored in the great reservoir.

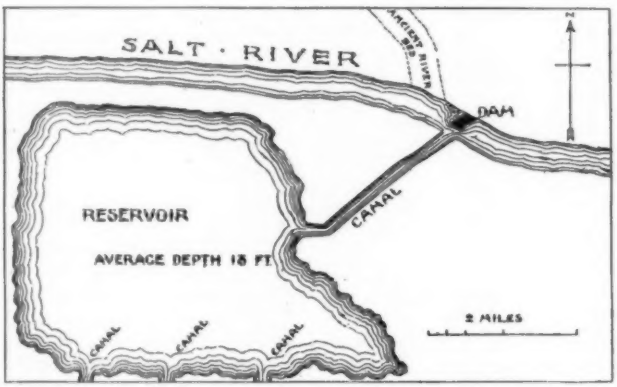


PLATE NO. 2, SHOWING THE ANCIENT RESERVOIR NEAR THE PIMA RESERVATION.

At that time the river ran about two miles north of its present channel and well into the limits of what is now the city of Phœnix; but, owing to some volcanic action or mighty flood, it shifted south and found a lower level even than the bottom of the lake. Notwithstanding the change, however, there is still a noticeable depression, quick to overflow in time of high water, and supporting numerous clumps of reeds and willows.

While in most cases the engineers took advantage of natural grades and avoided deep "cuts" through ledges and mesas, there is one notable exception in a canal that was built from the Salt River near the mouth of the Rio Verde. At that point an upward grade from the Gila, forty miles south,

terminates in an abrupt cliff, 300 feet in height. In one place there is a gorge or cañon which reduces the altitude to about 100 feet, and through this gorge they cut the canal that was the acme of their engineering skill.

The cliff is the southern extremity of a range of low mountains which at the point alluded to is only about three and one-half miles in width. By cutting down in the bottom of the cañon to the necessary depth the builders were able to take the water upon the mesa that overlooked the Gila and fell with a gradual slope toward it; thus the canal from the Salt irrigated what is properly the Gila Valley. It extended to within a mile of the Gila River, fertilizing 1,600 square miles of land now given over to desert. In all its branches this canal was more than 120 miles in length, and the grade was so regular that, in depressions made by the running of the water, the winter rains still stand for some time, furnishing a supply for the cattle that consume the scant herbage in that region. There is no evidence of what they did with the stone thrown out in making this enormous "cut"; if there were we might form some accurate idea of the tools used in the work. In all probability it was thrown upon the embankment and the storms of centuries have scattered it over the surrounding country.

In the construction of dams these people displayed considerable ingenuity, and evidently in their day there was no such thing as the "bursting of reservoirs." Such works were not made to impound water, and in no case did one of them reach entirely across the river; yet they filled the purpose for which they were intended, and possessed to a remarkable degree the quality of durability. In the language of engineers they were "goose-wings" made of boulders between which the sand and sediment naturally drifted, in the course of time becoming so hardened that the whole practically constituted a wall upon which the rushing of the current had no effect. They were always begun on the oppo-

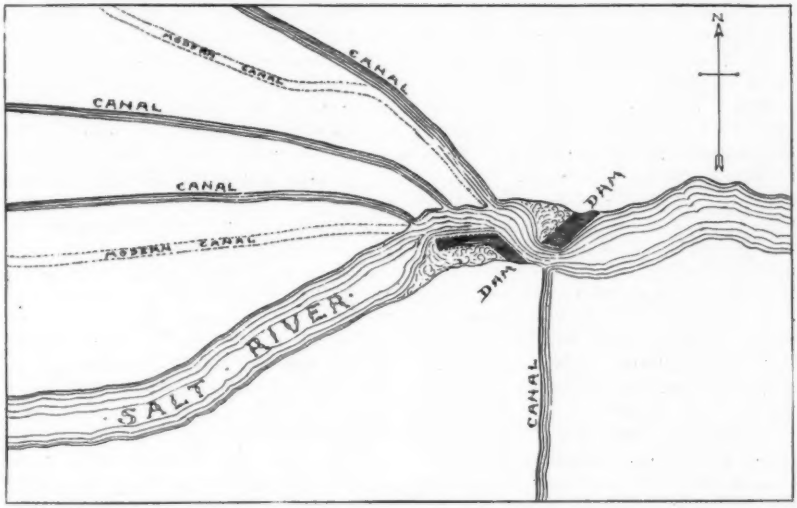


PLATE NO. 3, SUGGESTINC THE LOCATION OF THE DAMS NEAR PHŒNIX BY WHICH THE ANCIENT ENGINEERS DEFLECTED THE WATERS OF THE SALT RIVER, TO SUIT THE REQUIREMENTS OF THEIR CANALS.

site side and above the mouth of the canal they were intended to supply; and, instead of pointing directly across, they ran at an angle of forty-five degrees with the current, striking a short distance below the heads, and deflecting the river into the artificial channels.

Near Phœnix, where four canals were opened as illustrated by Plate 3, there were two dams within a few feet of each other, the lower one being of extra length and deflecting the current into the three heads on the north side. This lower dam was built in the usual way about three-fourths of the distance across the river and then turned directly down stream; while the upper one, on the opposite side of the river, assisted by giving a rebounding action to the current as it was forced against the bank.

As feats of engineering, there was nothing extraordinary in the construction of these dams; and in fact everything done by the Pre-Columbians has been done, or can be done by us. When we look at the work it appears simple, and we understand every principle employed. But it cannot be doubted that the knowledge by which they were enabled to utilize every natural advantage, turning it into a practical benefit, was certainly far above that likely to have been possessed by a barbarous or nomadic race to which class some students have assigned them. At any rate, they were far superior to the tribes that betrayed only the instinct of self-preservation in erecting their dwellings on mountain-summits and in the almost inaccessible recesses of the cliffs.

In this paper it is unnecessary for me to state my opinion of the remoteness of the time in which these canal-builders flourished. I may be pardoned for suggesting, however, that if they used any other than stone implements similar to those manufactured in the Neolithic period those other implements have never been discovered. Learned geologists, basing their computation upon European discoveries, have agreed in placing that age fully 100,000 years ago; still, it seems impossible to reconcile such antiquity with the conditions characteristic of the Arizona mound-builders and with the hieroglyphics on the cliffs.

Through the kindness of its author I am in receipt of a paper recently read by the noted scientist, Samuel Laing before the Brighton-Sussex Philosophical Society of England. Predicating his conclusion on some stone axes taken from various parts of the United States and Mexico he places the date as far back as 210,000 years and says: "It is an incontestable fact that savages, manufacturing the same type of rude stone implements, were then living in the Old World from Spain and Britain to China and Japan * *; in like manner in the New World from Ohio and California down to the pampas in Buenos Ayres and the plains of Patagonia." The eminent author was doubtless not aware of the fact, that in the comparatively unexplored (I am speaking scientifically) regions of Arizona and Northern Mexico the cliffs are covered with hieroglyphs and picture-writing as perfect as those found in Egypt and dating little before the dawn of history; also, that the stone implements are found on top of the ground and in the silt deposits where they were left by their owners.

At the same time the utmost respect must be given to the conclusions drawn by Mr. Laing from his own research and observation. In this regard it would be interesting to have more light upon a problem as to which I have often thought: Was the Stone Age of Europe contemporaneous with the Stone Age of America?

"BUT MY NO HAVE SEE, HAVE TOACHEE TLAT PIECEE BUTTON, MASSA."

BERESFORD'S "BOY."

BY SEWALL READ.

IT was that most delightful of dinners—a *partie carrée*. And although it missed the charm of the gentler sex it made up, perhaps, in serenity what it lacked in piquancy. The men had just drunk the time-honored Friday-night toast in China—"Sweethearts and Wives,"—a trifle the less warmly, possibly, than might have been the case had it not been true that all those present were unmarried and none of them engaged. Beresford's old Bordeaux, however, which was renowned even in this clime of discriminating taste, left little to be desired and aroused some enthusiasm in what was otherwise a tranquil if not an apathetic response.

A box of most excellent Havanas—that rare cigar in the tropic zone of manilas—completed the charm that dinners at the "Haunted Bungalow" always evoked, and the guests grew eloquent, witty, or reminiscent according to temperament.

They talked animatedly on politics, seriously as to the prospects of the war—this was in the days of the Franco-Chinese skirmish, slightingly of women, warmly of the races, and lightly, jestingly, cynically on half a dozen other topics.

At length they got down to the native, and from the native to that ever-interesting subject to the bachelor in China—the Chinese "boy."

Beresford said he had a treasure.

As Beresford made that remark the three other men smiled.

"We 've all been there, dear boy," said Lawrence of the "Linnet." "Wait till you 've been out here as long as I have, old man. You 're only a 'griffin'."

"I had a boy once," said Cameron of the Customs, "whom I swore by on all the seven Josses of the Temple of Terror. I had just joined the Service. He was not bad-looking for an Oriental. Something like your man, Beresford. Devoted? Never anyone like him — saved my life twice on a tiger-hunt up the Yellow River. Quick, capable, neat. When I went home on first leave he fairly watered the bungalow veranda with his tears. After he 'd been with me three years he walked off one warm day with my watch, studs, and strong-box. Could n't wait to open the latter—took box and all. I loved that gentle boy. I 've never loved again."

"'''T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,'"

sighed Gibbs, the youngest member of the party.

A freezing silence was Gibbs's just rebuke, and Lawrence went on.

"Put not your faith in princes, neither in the Chinese servant. There may be exceptions—I have never met one! By Jove! this is a fine cigar, old man. Seems like old times to touch a real Cuban."

"I 've another brand at the Club," said their host. "You shall choose between them. Boy," dismissing the other servants with a sign, "Go Club side, catchee my that box cigar."

"Let 's time him," said Gibbs.

"Oh, he 's the quickest boy I ever saw in my life," observed Cameron. "I 'll say that for Beresford."

"Thanks, old man. Allow me to reward your flattery," said Beresford, filling Cameron's glass.

"It is now just a quarter to eleven," said Lawrence, glancing at the elegant ormolu clock on the chimney-shelf. "Five to one, he 's not here at ten minutes to."

"Oh, give him a chance," remarked Beresford.

"Five minutes to will be fair," replied the naval officer.

"All right—call it done," rejoined their host. "Try one of these till the Havanas get here," handing Lawrence a box of cheroots.

"I had a boy once," began Lawrence, "who was a character——"

"Oh, I say, Captain, spare us!" interrupted Cameron, striking a light. "We 've had one long yarn about the inevitable boy, and survived. 'T would be rash to try our patience too far. We 've all had these 'treasures' and these 'characters,' and we 've all parted with them after varied experiences—the parting usually possessing, on our side at least, the charm of the unexpected."

The men smoked and talked.

"Time 's up in just one minute," said Gibbs.

"He 'll never do it," predicted Lawrence. "No Chinaman could. A calm deliberateness is one of their special traits—and charms."

At this instant, unphased, impurturbable, not even breathless, Beresford's boy entered the dining-room and, silently placing the box of cigars at his master's elbow, noiselessly withdrew.

The men were quiet till he left. Then there was a general exclamation. "By Jove! Clever boy, that! He 's no Oriental," said Lawrence.

"Really astonishing time, considering you did n't put him on guard," added Cameron. "Could n't have done it better myself."

At this there was a general howl, as Cameron's avoirdupois was a constant and irresistible target for his friends' satire.

"Want to part with him?" asked Gibbs. "I 'll change him with something to boot for my boy, who is a good sort but has a bit of a temper. As you do n't throw bootjacks you could probably get along with him."

"Thank you," returned Beresford, "I think I'll jog on with my jewel. You have n't pronounced judgment on these Havanas yet," he continued, shoving the box about to his guests. "Throw away that cheroot and try one of these, Lawrence."

More talk followed, more smoking, interspersed with an occasional navy song in good old colonial fashion, and the evening drifted on into the smallest of hours. The tropical day was newly born and the guests had disappeared, including Gibbs, who, according to the friendly custom of the East was partaking of Beresford's hospitality until his own bungalow should be finished, when Beresford stalked out, still in evening dress, to the bund.

All the evening, amidst the lights and the flowers, the laughter, the jests, and the discussion, a face had haunted him—the face of the girl he was learning to love.

An odd face it was. A type he had never admired, as he told himself between innumerable cigarettes—but it was a face which insisted upon thrusting itself upon his consciousness in every act, serious or trivial, of his daily life.

"If this is love," said Beresford, grimly, awaking one day to consciousness, "I love."

A quaint, eerie, unusual face it was —of Madeleine Ingles. He had concluded—often—that hair of greenish, yellowy lights, and eyes of yellowish-greeny shades, and a face whose contour was as cold as that of the Farnese Juno did not attract but, rather, repelled him, even though crowning a form beside which the forms of numerous Junos seemed to him to lack beauty. True, she had an exceptionally sweet, low voice; but he had deemed this the natural possession of a siren with greenish eyes. That the curve of her arm, the cut of her chin were beautiful — as these charms were visible on the tennis-court, he acknowledged as he acknowledged other incontrovertible facts. That she waltzed perfectly, as a woman should, he had told himself repeatedly, while the rose on her shoulder had made love to the boutonnière on his lapel. But he had thought all these things, or very nearly all these things about several other women; and he had not been prepared to believe that he loved Miss Inglis until very recently, when a glance—a look—a tone—an impalpable something had brought him suddenly to his senses, and he read within himself the unmistakable.

It rather worried him; and he took this moonlight stroll under the tropical trees where the silver waves of a Chinese river washed the embankment. to think it over. He had thought it over at much length but to little purpose when he turned into the bungalow banyan-walk in the full-fledged morning, after a night of absolutely no repose, to change his evening clothes for traveling attire. He was to leave that day for Japan on a six-weeks vacation.

Beresford and Gibbs were dawdling over iced mangoes, which delicious fruit bore the usual flavor of delicacies devoured on top of a late dinner, when the butler came in to report that Beresford's boy had sent word that he was very ill with fever and consequently could not accompany his master to Japan that day. Gibbs, who never forgot his personal appearance, and who, despite his late going to bed, was dressed in the daintiest of pink-and-white pajamas with delicately folded sash of most innocent pink and floating tie of seraphic tint to match, whistled incredulously under the punkah.

"Seemed all right last night, did n't he, when he won your wager for you on the cigars? Suspiciously sudden illness, eh, old man?"

"It does look rather badly," said Beresford ruminatively, "he certainly appeared to be all right last night."

"Does n't like Japan, probably," returned Gibbs, coolly, icing some apollinaris. "Those Japs and the

Chinese never agree. What 'll you do for a boy, Beresford?"

"Go without, I suppose," said Beresford. "It will be awkward, though, especially on leave."

"Oh, you can never go without, in this climate," returned Gibbs. "You 'd be tied up hand and foot. I 'll tell you what to do. Take my boy. He 's a useful chap and with your angelic disposition, he'd be in clover. He 's well broken in—especially expert in dodging tennis-bats and other missiles."

"Thanks, awfully, Gibbs, old man," said Beresford, doubtfully, "but what will you do? To be sure, there 's the butler. He was gentleman's boy once, ages ago, but he 's a trifle superannuated and——"

"The very thing," said Gibbs. "I should like of all things to appropriate the butler. He 's a dignified old duffer, and would, no doubt, keep me straight, at which delicate undertaking my poor, meek boy is a distinct failure. *Voilà mon affaire.*"

As Beresford was tumbling things, anyhow, into his gladstone, he came upon a little odd case, with an ancient and uncertain clasp, which contained the one little object for which he had any sentiment. It was one of those souvenirs which almost every one possesses. He never wore it, yet never went anywhere without it. It was a small, old-fashioned gold stud, embracing a quaintly cut but very pure brilliant. It had belonged to Beresford's mother, who, in his early years, had become to him only a memory. Beresford opened the box from force of habit, and behold, the button was gone!

"By Jove! I would n't lose that little, worn-out button for all the gold in the Chinese Empire!" growled Beresford, tearing things about in an eager but futile search. He rang for the butler, and everybody joined the hunt, masculine fashion—in a clumsy, wholesale, but determined way. But though the bungalow was gone through from the top to the bottom, thoroughly if not systematically, and looked in an incredibly short time as though it had been carelessly caressed by a cyclone, no button could be found.

Beresford was obliged to leave for the steamer without it.

"I do n't want to arouse your unsuspecting and guileless nature," said Gibbs, lighting a cigarette as they swung out side by side to Beresford's houseboat, "but it does seem a strange coincidence your boy's sudden illness and the loss of your valuable button—for, of course, the thing seems very valuable, intrinsically, to these natives. Just a trifle odd, is n't it?"

"I suppose so," answered Beresford, gloomily. "Yet I can hardly believe my boy——"

"Oh, of course not," returned Gibbs, the least bit satirically. "Naturally your boy being such a phenomenon — so exceptional — would rise superior to the temptation of appropriating a prize worth a year's salary, just on the eve of taking a trip he abominates. One expects miracles of these pagans, does n't one?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Beresford. "It does seem unaccountable." Beresford disliked to admit even to himself, and especially to a scoffing soul like Gibbs, what he could not but confess was the extreme probability of his boy's dishonesty. This boy had absolute and entire charge of Beresford's belongings, and the strange disappearance of the button, simultaneously with the servant's sudden illness, certainly had a black look.

"Well, it 's very good of you, old man, to loan me your boy," he said, glad to get away from the subject. "I 'll treat him well."

"That you will, my dear fellow—too well," said Gibbs, drily. "I 'm afraid a few weeks in your seraphic society will spoil him for his all-too-fallible master. However, promise me to kick him now and then, or, at least, to occasionally shy a bootjack at him, just to remind him of the com-

forts of home, and you 're as welcome to him as possible."

The houseboat was putting off to the steamer and the graceful Gibbs stood, hands in his white tennis coat pockets, taking a last farewell look of Beresford, combined with some inward criticism as to his vanishing host's appearance.

"By the way, you can change my boy for a Jap if you like," said Gibbs, calmly. "He 's not a treasure nor a phenomenon, you know—only a common, stupid, average, every-day boy."

"Thanks," said his friend, "I 'll think it over. Good-bye!" and Beresford turned into the little cabin wondering if it ever occurred to Gibbs what a consummate idiot he made of himself at times.

II.

The land of the chrysanthemum had never appeared, in Beresford's eyes, to better advantage. He experienced anew his old love for Japan, and basked in tea-gardens and temples in a renaissance of that enthusiasm which had been born in him years before.

To add to the peculiar charm of the hour Madeleine Ingles and her party suddenly appeared in Tokio and the rose-colored atmosphere deepened day by day.

To go with her to odd temples and odder tea-gardens, to wander with her among the tombs of the Shoguns, to follow her dainty footsteps through the ancient haunts of fabled dragons or defunct Daimios, to find himself beside her in some odd dimly-lighted curio-shop, where her tall, tawny beauty seemed to shed a sort of chastened effulgence over the scented oriental atmosphere—seemed to Beresford the height of human felicity.

Miss Ingles appeared not unwilling to allow Beresford the privilege of lingering near her. She even permitted him to send her an occasional basket of appealing, if perfumeless, Japanese blooms, to walk beside her ricksha, to remain a little later on the hotel veranda beside her than he would ever have ventured to do at home. Here in the poetic, dreamy atmosphere of Japan their friendship seemed to ripen with an astonishing rapidity, which it could never have done hemmed in by the laws of their usual existence, in spite of frequent dinners and dances.

Beresford, too, felt drawn out of himself. He developed a certain brightness, alertness, which sat well upon his usual quiet and almost unresponsive nature, and he perpetrated many clever sayings which he told himself later on, in the solitude of his bed-chamber, he could never have accomplished under the shadow of the bungalow.

At the end of six weeks Beresford went home, walking on air—his whole being tender, glowing, translated, with the first delicate kiss of his fair fiancée.

The imperturbable Gibbs was breaking his fast on the bungalow veranda, serenely conscious of a certain harmonious fitness in his morning suit of palest blue and white, the baby-tinted folds of his long silk scarf lightly coquetted with by the punkah breeze.

"Awfully glad to see you back, old man," said Gibbs, returning to his iced mangostines after giving Beresford's hands a cordial clasp. "Very slow since you 've been gone. We 're told you 're engaged. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Beresford, quietly, feeling for one instant that he would gladly pitch Gibbs over the veranda—pajamas, baby-blue tie, and all.

He had come back with feelings so hushed, reverent, and holy in his heart—so completely under the spell of the sweet influences of the past weeks! And to be spoken to thus—by Gibbs in pajamas and eating mangostines! It seemed to his long-suffering soul that there were moments when forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

However, he controlled himself (arguing that a man could hardly knock a friend down for congratulating him on his engagement), and turned the conversation as soon as he decently could to other topics.

"By the way, Gibbs, how did you manage with the butler?" he asked presently.

"Oh, capitally," returned Gibbs. "We had a few little tiffs at first, principally owing to my obstinacy in refusing to wear tennis shoes with evening dress and a perverse determination not to be boiled in my morning tub. But we assimilate perfectly now, and the old boy 's smoking my manilas right along. By the way, he brought me word last night that your boy is still dangerously ill of fever, down the river. I sent a coolie, who reports the boy is honestly ill. I thought I 'd let you know first off, you were so fond of him."

"Thank you," said Beresford, "I shall go to see after him, myself."

"How did you get along with my boy?" continued Gibbs. "I suppose he 'll scorn me now."

"I think not," returned Beresford. "He was rather melancholy, and moved about feebly. He yearned for the flesh-pots of Egypt, I fancy; also, he missed your sprightly ways. An excellent boy, though, and faithful."

"Oh yes, he 's tolerably faithful," observed Gibbs, lightly. "He 's good enough as they go. But there 's nothing extraordinary about him. He 's only a common, ordinary, garden-goat sort of a boy."

"Exactly," continued Beresford, who, although the soul of hospitality, felt that there were times when he longed with an unholy yearning to assist at the house-warming of Gibbs's new bungalow.

As soon as he conveniently could, Beresford ordered a chair and went down the river, past the leper settlement, to a little outlying native suburb, where in a foul and stuffy atmosphere he found his servant boy, hot, delirious, and evidently dying of fever.

Beresford, himself, carried him with slight opposition from his relatives—the Chinese having a constitutional apathy toward saving the dying—to a sampan, whose owners he bribed with unconscionable "cumshaw" to get him quickly to the Shameen. Thence in Beresford's own chair the dying boy was carried to the bungalow, half a dozen coolies were turned out to give him airy quarters, and he was tended by Beresford's own doctor and a nurse from the Medical Missionary Hospital. When, at the end of a few weeks, the boy was entirely recovered—for to every one's astonishment he did recover—his devotion to Beresford was unbounded. His former affection had become almost slavishness, a change which Beresford did not appreciate.

To temper this tone toward himself a little, Beresford approached the boy one evening on the subject of the diamond button, with some severity.

Numerous and thorough searches had left Beresford's button as hopelessly lost as ever.

The boy flushed, turned pale, and looked frightened.

"My know Massa ting my have take he button," he said, in low, trembling tones. "But my no have see, have toachee tlat peicee button, Massa. Tlat b'long true talkee."

Nevertheless his faltering gaze struck Beresford as being rather equivocal.

"Did you see him change color?" asked Gibbs, who had come in as Beresford put the question. "No honest man would change color like that—would he? A white man could stand up and lie without flinching; but these natives can't. Confound it—they 're too artless. Their expression betrays them."

"Yes, I 'm afraid he took it," said Beresford, slowly. "The temptation was too great. After all, it 's no great crime. I forgive him. If only it had

been any other thing than that one button!"

Beresford's days, however, were too full of new and absorbing rapture to allow him to think much of anyone or anything except his charming fiancée. The engagement was not to be a long one. Each of them possessed an income of extremely comfortable proportions; and, as the tropical summer waned and Gibbs's bungalow neared completion, the engagement was to be officially announced at a high tea at General Ingles's place, upon which the wedding day was to follow after not too protracted an interval.

Beresford had obtained a year's leave, and intended to travel with his young wife through India and Europe.

The evening of this reception Beresford had dressed early and was smoking a cigar on the veranda, waiting for the hour to become decently advanced that he might present himself in his fiancée's drawing room. The short tropical twilight was closing in, and Gibbs, in becoming negligee of a delicate nile green, was having his solitary cup of tea on the veranda.

Gibbs was laid up with "tennis elbow," and consequently could n't go to give Beresford his blessing on this momentous occasion, a fact over which Gibbs was distinctly disturbed but to which Beresford was thoroughly, if silently, resigned.

Gibbs had just given Beresford a little friendly information as to the lamentable—though as Gibbs soothingly put it, evidently unintentional—failure of Beresford's tailor in the matter of the cut of his chaste attire, and had bestowed a final twist upon Beresford's boutonnière for which the latter tried to feel grateful. He was desultorily lighting and extinguishing the little flame of the glittering samovar when Beresford's boy appeared and announced his chair.

The boy, in the long toga-like grass-cloth "coat" of the house-servant's dress costume, stood aside, pale and respectful, while his master descended the steps.

"Good-bye, Gibbs," said Beresford, swinging gaily down the walk, "I'll be back sometime before midnight."

He was almost at the gate, over whose arch hung an opaque globular lamp which had just been lighted, when a sudden exclamation and a swift rush from his usually deliberate boy startled him. In an instant—a start, a subdued cry from the boy, and both men saw what had happened! Beresford's boy had been the first to perceive, and darting forward had received in his arm the fatal fang of a deadly India cobra, which had coiled itself to strike at his master.

Gibbs rang and rushed for help, and in an instant Beresford was down on the grass—immaculate attire and carefully adjusted boutonnière alike forgotton—trying to draw the poison from his devoted servant's arm.

The doctors came and did quickly all that was possible; but it was at a somewhat belated hour that Beresford presented himself at the side of Miss Ingles.

When Beresford got home that night, Gibbs met him at the bungalow veranda, the "tennis elbow" relegated to temporary oblivion, and told him that the boy was dying and wanted to see his master.

"He's really dying this time," said Gibbs. "No sham about it. The doctors say there 's absolutely no antidote for these cobra bites. Gad, what he's saved you from, Beresford! The coolies found the snake, and the butler 's got the reptile in a bottle."

Beresford's eyes were dry, but his throat felt parched and his heart was heavy as he tore upstairs into the library where his young servant lay.

The poor fellow's agony was over now, and the end was perilously near. There would soon be nothing where once had been Beresford's boy.

A look of gladness came into the dying youth's eyes as he recognized Jack, and he feebly tried to take his

hand. It was his last motion. Jack bent over him and took the small, nervous, and now cold hand in both his own.

"Massa," said the servant, and even as he spoke, a sudden glazing came over his eyes, "Massa, my hope you forgi' boy—but my talkee true—my no have takee tlat button—tlat b'long true—Massa—true!"

"What button? Oh—my God! to think of that now!" said Beresford in wild impatience. "My believe you, my boy—my dear, good boy; my believe you!" he returned, agonizingly raising his voice, which even then he felt fell on unhearing ears. And then he turned away.

"Strange thing," said Gibbs, who, to do him justice, had nursed the boy faithfully during Beresford's absence that evening, "these pagans have no religion—no real belief in a hereafter. Your boy, for example, would rather die with a lie on his tongue than live in your memory as having stolen that gimcrack."

"I suppose so," said Beresford, hardly trusting himself to speak; and then, turning on his heel, Jack stalked sadly to his room.

III.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford had been globe-trotting a half year or so; and now, as they were resting for some time in London, it occurred to Mrs. Beresford that London was a good practical place in which to have damages in their luggage repaired, after their six-months hegira.

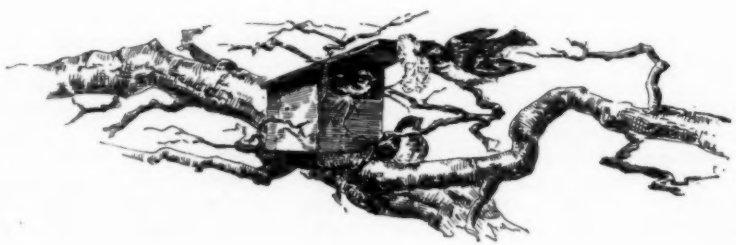
"Everything is so demoralized, Jack, dear," said Mrs. Beresford, looking anything but demoralized herself as she sat on the broad window-seat of her sitting-room at the Metropole, gazing at the dislocated lock of her husband's venerable gladstone. "There 's hardly a box or a bag that does n't need laying up for repairs. Why, Jack, what can this be?" Mrs. Beresford had been minutely scrutinizing both sides of the lining to see that nothing should be sent away to the trunkmaker's by mistake.

"See, Jack, what an odd, little old button! Yours, of course. Did you ever miss it?"

A curious, reproachful look came into Beresford's eyes as he reached for it.

Yes, he knew that button. He *had* missed it. It had turned up just six months too late. And he asked himself, as he had asked himself a thousand times before—*could* he hope that the boy who had died for him had heard his last words?

"It needs but the presence of the pervasive Gibbs," said Beresford to himself, drily. And, taking advantage of the entrance of a bevy of feminine visitors, he escaped to his own room and smoked a cigar in grim, contemplative silence.



WHY I PREACH?

BY RAY FRANK.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell it if thou hast an understanding.—Job, chap. xxxviii, v. 4.

IT is axiomatic that the one way to see the whole of anything is to view it from all points; the one way to know the whole is to reflect upon the different views, appreciate their particular and relative values, then so combine the various estimates as to make the final judgment cover them all. But this power of seeing all round a subject—of knowing it from all points of view, lies not in the possession of the individual; for, had man complete knowledge of what is apparently the most insignificant thing or idea, he would be one with God.

However, limitations do not prevent our seeing truthfully, since we see all that is necessary; and he who stands and gazes from the utmost confine, viewing the grand panorama below him, the limitless space around him, and the sun-pierced clouds above him, though he cannot *as man* go farther, yet hears the voice of Elohim proclaiming Eternal Law and knows that the place whereon he stands is holy ground: the Lord of Hosts has preceded him.

Why I preach has been asked me not once but many times. I have asked it of myself; I now ask it again. I whisper it to my soul; I speak the words aloud: Why I preach? As the human voice utters these three terms, as it modulates or accents them, the mind ascribes to them different values. I will run through this gamut of sound and sense again—*Why* I preach; Why *I* preach; Why I *preach*. All particular forms. These are not what I want. Ah! I have it. *Why I preach*. Accent even, even, even; pitch, common; all terms of equal value.

Why I preach? Because—Odd! as I consider the query, the three words have taken form—have grown magically large and larger. They cover my desk; the walls. They are stretching out from my window. I am enveloped in them. All is obscured. I reach for the door; I cannot see it. I am out, but the words confront me. Down the stairs I feel my way. The place is surely bewitched. What is the matter? I must know. Out into the streets I go. The words are there; and, as I run to pass through them, objects before indistinct have vanished. Like vapor the words ascend as they travel until the cities, the by-ways, the meadows all are filled, are encompassed by *Why I preach*.

Faster and faster I go away from valleys, up hills, through gorges, over mountains. I am tired; I pant for breath: but on I go, higher, higher, higher. I am drooping with weariness; but I know there is some way out of it and so the dynamic soul-force sends me on. Now the air has begun to murmur, to sing, to shout the mystic words, *Why I preach*. I am almost exhausted. I will—no, I cannot give up, if I would. My feet are bruised and cut. I fain would look at them, but I cannot see them. I know my hands are torn and bleeding, but I cannot see them. I suffer every pain, but my vision is blind to my physical self. All I know is that *I am*, that I suffer, that in some strange way the universe has assumed the form of *Why I preach*, and that I am compelled to travel on. I am in torments. How my heart, my temples throb. I am choking. I stumble. God! my head, my heart! I am falling, am flying—where——

II.

I acknowledge that thou art able to do everything and that no deep plan of thine can be restrained.—Job, chap. xlii, v. 2.

Like one awaking from deep and troubled sleep, I rub my eyes—I look about me. I am languid; my pulse beats slowly. I have no inclination to rise, so I lie still and look and listen. I am lying upon what appears to be the broad top of a high, gray wall. All is quiet. I hear the throbs of nature's heart as I lie upon the wall which I suppose is a work of art. I now notice that a peculiar tracery of lines covers its entire surface.

Like one who is ill and from his couch studies the patterns upon the wall, the stains upon the ceiling, making from them curious forms and faces, so I study the zigzag network of lines; but I can make nothing of it. I am interested. I am puzzled. I partly rise; I lean upon my elbow—it is stiff and sore either from a bruise or long disuse, but somehow this passes away.

I am working with the writing on the wall. I have not the prophet's power. Now I rise; I walk this way and that. Forwards, backwards, meeting the sky at either end, stretches the wall, everywhere covered with its tracery of lines.

No, art did not fashion this; this is a natural wall. I will go to its edge, which I see off in the distance, and look over. Odd it should be so far! I have been deceived. I have walked miles and miles and am still far from the edge.

The day goes by; I walk through the night, ever studying the lines. Sometimes I think I have found a familiar character, a letter; but so numberless are they, so finely interwoven, that the wink of an eye loses the form. Persistently I continue to study and advance. I am at the edge. Ah! I have it: Man's Limitation.

I shout, I clap my hands. I shout, then pause affrighted as the sounds roll off and up and down, reverberating like peals of crashing thunder.

Fearful I stand on the edge of the wall, the maze of lines all gone; but crossing and recrossing run the words —Man's Limitation.

By an indefinable something I see in the gray abyss stretching below I am tempted to spring off the edge; but that within me holds me back, whispering, "So far shalt thou go and no farther."

Before and behind I see the mighty wall meeting the horizon. I and the Infinite. I will go to the other side. I travel as many days and nights as I have taken to come. I know I pass the spot whereon I awakened.

Onward I go, ever reading: Man's Limitation. I am nearing the other side. I am there. I stand on the edge. I gaze down. Oh glorious, oh wonderful sight! Below me lies the world of man, a slowly revolving ball encircled by rainbow-zones of progress. Now I distinguish forms—oceans, continents, mountain-ranges, rivers, cities, buildings, people, people everywhere, beasts of burden, reptiles, fishes, fowls, trees, insects. All the phenomena of nature play below me; the slimy deep reveals its creatures, its vegetation. All, all is seen by me. This is the inhabited globe of man.

I see myriads of objects. I look intently at one, then at another. I see that each object emits from itself a peculiar glow. Now the glow becomes a flame, as though the innermost part of all things is fire. Now the fire forms itself into the words For Thee. Clearly and distinctly I see the words written upon every object in the world of man. I cannot understand it.

Do I look at a mountain, straightway there emerges the glow, the flame, the living words For Thee. Look I at a child, the same I see. The people all bear the flaming words upon their backs. All move on, pointing to those in front of them as though those in front are slaves and those behind are masters. All move in circles,

now concentric, now eccentric, their eyes gazing ahead or bent to the ground.

I see Power pointing his finger at Law; Law moving behind Justice. I see Wealth pointing at Poverty, Poverty pointing to Ignorance, Ignorance to Crime. This is not in the order that I see it but it is *as* I see it. I see streets filled with riot, I see edifices filled with people. All do talk, none does listen. I see Commerce trading in souls; Falsehood standing in pulpits; Persecution naming itself Religion. I see men and women changed into beasts of burden. I see children fed on the flesh of parents. I see mothers hanging sons. I see sons murdering fathers. I see Prophecy called Madness. I see Nobility wounded, dying. I see Mercy pleading in vain. I see Charity rebuked. I see Hypocrisy decked in theology. I see woman losing her womanhood. I see luxury called necessity. I see labor despised and reviled. I see it all not as I give it to you, but it is as I see it; for the circles are ever changing and intersecting one another, and sometimes the last is first. I see it all, and over all the eternal sunshine. From all comes the luminous flame *For Thee, For Thee.* I see that each takes the message as meant for himself, the master, and uses all in front of him as his; but I who see it all from my height know they all are wrong. Now I ponder on the meaning of the words. If not for them, for whom? On everything is written *For Thee.* I am on the highest elevation. If not for them, then 't is for me. The philosopher will have his own. I will go down and take posession of mine own, the ever-changing world. I am He.

I will go down. How go down? Surely there must be a way near by. I will look. I walk; I walk on and on. I walk ever near the edge of the wall, watching the world below. I am impatient at the delay. The day is gone. I am weary. I travel through the night. Many days and many nights I travel. I know the months are going by. On the high, gray wall I go. I am tired—so tired I can travel no longer. I lie down. Now I doubt that I have found the message of the flaming words. I was mistaken. I acknowledge it. I am

not He. The world is not for me alone. Humbly I acknowledge it. Odd, but this confession brings me strength. I arise, I travel on—ever repeating "It is not for me alone." Would I might go down and tell the ones below they err! Oh, that I might be of the world of men! Oh, that I might tell them what I know!

I am now old and humble. I can see all. I would serve others; but oh, that some one might look into my eyes and know *me* as I travel on!

It is night. I rest; for, now that I am old, I cannot travel far. An angel comes to me. He places his hand upon my heart. A peculiar sensation passes through me. In an instant I feel written upon my soul the words *For Thee.* I awaken. I muse. I, too, am for Thee, thou Great One. Ah, if I could but find Thee! Scalding tears drop from my eyes as onward I go.

Again I sleep. Again the angel comes; again he touches my heart and I know I still bear on my soul *For Thee*. As he turns to go I see in the halo about him the same living words. I see them on his back. I had not noticed them before, I was so wrapt in my grief. I see them, and I cry: "Oh angel, since thou comest to me, tell me what meaneth the living words?"

The angel pointeth to the world below, to the halo about him, and then toucheth my heart.

"Oh my angel, if thou art indeed for me, tell me how may I go from here to the world below? I would be of my brethren!" With a beautiful smile the seraph points to his message and beckons me to come to him. I go towards him, but as I advance he moves onwards. And so we walk, always my angel in front and facing me. And so we travel for many days and many nights; but I am not weary, for great peace has come to me. And as I walk I question how I came on the wall; and, when once I question, it is as though a thousand questions come to me. But I am not troubled, for my smiling angel confronts me; and on I walk answering to myself all I ask.

Suddenly the angel stops and points to the great circle which holds the world, then upwards to the clouds, touches my heart, and vanishes.

Whereon he stood I see growing a strange and wonderful tree guarded by a flaming sword. I know that it is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. From the light of the sword cometh the words *For Thee*. From the tree I break off a bough. I know I hold in my hand the staff of Moses.

I lean upon the staff. As it touches the ground there is emitted the light which shone from the angel as well as from the things of earth. I know it is the fire kindled by God for men, as an everlasting light by which they may see Truth.

I kneel upon the wall, I raise my hands in adoration of the Eternal. Now I pray that all knowledge may be mine.

Again I see the world, a maze from which I try to escape; again I read everywhere *Why I Preach*; again I mentally go through all that has been and know the message of it all. Long and deep I pray. Now in my strength I arise, taking my staff in hand to continue my journey; but lo! a stairway is under the tree. Now I hear a mighty voice proclaim, "*I have preached righteousness in the great congregation.*" A great wind passes over me. Again I turn to the stairway. On the right I see written, "*How shall they preach except they be sent?*" On the left is written, "*The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the weak.*" I know that the stairway will take me down to my brethren. I know I may come up at will. I go down. I will tell all that I know to the world. I will tell that the Eternal preached an everlasting sermon to Nature; that Nature understands and holds it sacred; that each in the world is for the other; that *For Thee* is not for one but for all; that men heard the sermon on Sinai and on the Mount, but that they have failed to interpret the message; that men must learn from Nature; that she is the greatest of God's preachers; that sky, ocean, nations, wrecks, babes, worms, preached ages ago and continue to preach; that all men must preach whether they will or not, but until they learn to interpret the Law aright they will preach the false instead of the true; that they will live indifferent to what concerns them most vitally, or will rush blindly into materialism and atheism. In conceit, in ignorance they will walk with arrogance on their wall of limitation. I, knowing this, feel I must, wherever and whenever I can, preach my message.

This is why—with the accent evenly distributed, with the voice modulated, to common pitch—this is why I preach.

MARS JEEMS.

BY HELEN RACHEL ROBB.

I MIN' I war comin' in de big gate wif de grubbin' hoe on my shouldah. De 'tatah bugs war mighty bad dat yeah, for all de worl' like de locuses in Egyp'. I'd jes' bin hoein' de 'tatahs in de li'l pa'cel o' groun' what Mars Jeems call a bustrification o' Missus' good managin', kase ole Miss she done traded off de l'il red heifer to Mars Sammy Taylor fer dis heah groun' an' de beas' done choked on a co'n cob less 'n a month arter dat, an' up an' died, an' Mars Jeems he 'lowed dat war a good joke on Mars Sam. But, bress yo' soul an' body, honey, de whole place stan'in' on de groun' war owin' to Miss Jerushy's managin'; it 'd all bin blowed off inter de air, I reckon, ef she had n't a kep' a tight holt onter hit. Mars Jeems hed a mighty fine 'pinion ob his wife, dat he hed, an' he 'd ort to, too, fer de bressed sun neber shined on a better white lady 'n Miss Jerushy.

As I war a-sayin' a while back, I war comin' in de gate, when a gen'l'man comed ridin' 'long on a fiery li'l beas' dat dance an' caper an' cut up shines an' wou'n't stan' no way. He war de beastinest li'l critter I eber seed. De gen'l'man axed me dis hyah de place whar Co'n'l Jeems Crenshaw libed. I tuck off my hat an' made a bow an' said perlite an' fine, "Hit are, sah." Den he axed me war de young ladies to home. I tole him dey war, an' I knowed hit war de truf, kase Aunt Cassy say dat mawnin' how Miss Sallie an' Miss Bettie'd bin fixin' up de gowns de' was gwine to weah to de picnic de nex' day. Dey war nice wif de needle, dem two young ladies, makin' ole done-out coats look like dey 'd jes' come from a stoah. 'T war good fer 'em dat dey war so smart an' likely, fer I do n' min' sayin' dat de new clo's war pow'ful skeerce on dat place fer de white folks an' de niggers, too.

De young gen'l'man got off'n his horse, an' I took holt ob de bridle to lead de koderped to de stable. He jumped an' kicked ambitious like, an' de young gen'l'man he laff an' ax me war I skeered ob him; but gracious, I wa'n't neber skeered o' no hoss! Felix, a lazy, no-count nigger, what war allus a-foolin' aroun', war stan'in' leanin' agin de uppin'-block, so I jes' gib him de bridle an' struckioned him like.

I seen de gen'l'man go up de walk to de hall doah, an' Daphne, a li'l black gal what waited on ole Miss, come an' showed him inter de palah, an' I did n't see nothin' mo' ob him dat mawnin'.

Arter dat ole Miss sent all de colah'd people to de fiel' to bring in de hay fer hit looked like hit might rain dat ebenin'. We had n't no great sight o' hay dat yeah, an' we got hit put up along in de middle ob de arternoon.

When we comed in from de fiel' I war stan'in' at de back doah ob de hall, an' ole Miss war a-tellin' me how she laid off ter hab me tote some aigs to town de nex' day. Jes' den Miss Sallie an' de young gen'l'man what I 'd seed in de mawnin' come out'n de palah. When I seed he 'd stayed dat long, I 'sarved to myself how he must be a-settin' to Miss Sallie. Reckon she mus' 'a' come ter know him when she war a-visitin' at Loui'ville. 'Peared like dey war a-lookin' fer sumpum, an' I hear Miss Sallie say, "I t'ing ye lef' ye hat on de table, Mis'r Payne." Dey bof look all 'roun', but dar wa' n't no hat dar. All 't onct Miss Sallie turned as red 's de ribbon she hed 'roun' her neck. Den her Ma she goed for'a'd, an' she seed what war de mattah, an' she

begun a-lookin fer de hat; but none on 'um could n't fin' hit no whars, an' Miss Sallie kep' on a-blushin' dreffful. Ole Miss sort o' knowed what 'd come on hit right off, but she let on like she war afeered de dog might hev come inter de house an' took hit. But she spoke up, genteel like, an' say to de young gen'l'man 's how she war sorry hit 'curred dis hyah way, an' would he please wait in de palah an' she 'd hab me go 'bout de place an' make imputation fer de hat; an' Mars Payne he bowed an' looked like he war willin' 'nuff ter stay. Arter dey goed inter de palah, Miss Jerushy she run to Mars Jeems' room ter see war he dah. She knowed dat war whar he 'd be ef he war on de place, fer he war mighty fon' ob dat room, an' he call hit his sanction sen'-fer-'em, or sumpum what soun' like dat. He hed heaps o' books an papahs in dah, an' nobody did n't dast tech 'em nuther. He 'd tuck de *Cur'er Jo'nal* eber since him an' Miss Jerushy war married, an' he hed all dem papahs laid up on de shelbes fer safe keepin'. An' he hed all sorts o' books dat he read in putty much all de time when he wa' n't readin' de *Cur'er Jo'nal* er huntin'. He war a pow'ful l'arn'd gen'l'man, war Mars Jeems; reckon he knowed eberyt'ing what eber war in de worl'. 'Peared like Miss Jerushy did n't know s' much, but she war allus a dum' un', an' 'cordin' to de ignerant min' o' dis hyah nigger, de worl' 's a heap bettah off fer de dum' folks dan de knowin' folks. Least ways dat plantation did n't seem no ways helped 'long fer Mars Jeems' l'arnin'. He loved huntin', too, 's well 's readin', an' he hed all his huntin' fixin's in dat 'ar room. He tuck a sight o' joyafyin' in his life.

'Bout dat time he sot in his room, a-readin 'mo' 'n gener'l; fer 'while back 'fore dis hyah time I 's tellin' 'bout he done los' his hat, an' him ner nobody else neber foun' out whar ole Miss kep' his Sun'ay hat, so he staid in his room mos'ly. 'T wa' n't de fus' time dat t'ing 'falled him. He war 'customed to losin' hats. Dey war times when dey jes' would n't stay on his head no way.

One night, a considerable while back, he come back from town 'long in de middle ob de night, an' made a pow'ful sight o' noise, so 's ebery body on de place waked up, hyarin' him. Arter dat he did n't hab no hat.

As I war a-sayin', ole Miss runned to his room, an' when she comed back she war a-lookin' dreffful worried an' put out. She come up to me an' says, "Unc' 'Zek'el!" She say hit low an' whisperin' so 's nobody but me could n't hyah her, fer ye see she did n't want ter 'spose de Mars'er, neber. *She* allus stood up fer him, no diff'ence what he 'd do; an' he 'd stan' up fer her, too, I reckon, but gracious! *she* neber need nobody ter don' dat fer her. She done de plum', squar' t'ing all de time, an' nobody had ter make 'scuses fer *her*.

She says ter me, "Unc' 'Zek'el, I wants ye ter go ter town right quick." Den, sudden, she look all roun' an' cut off to de stable, an' I seed her go in. I walked 'long arter her an' call, "Bettah min' out, Miss Jerushy; dat 'ar pony what 's in dar, 'pears like he 's sort o' ambitious an' mean. Bettah let me call Unc' Eben to go in fer ye. But she neber said nothin', an I hyar her a-walkin' 'roun' while I war stan'in' outside de doah. Arter a bit she comed out, an' says she, "Unc' 'Zek'el, dat 'ar pony am not in dar."

I says, "Foh gra-*cious*, ole Miss! Reckon whar he be?" She look down at de groun', an' den she says, slow an' 'pressin' like, "'Zek'el, I wants ye ter go to town an fin' dat hoss an' dat hat. Ye hyah?"

I says, "Yes, Miss Jerushy. Ye may 'pend on me suah." I subterhend her meanin', ef she *did n't* say hit out; fer ye see I was in de conference ob de fambly, 's ye might say, an' dey replied on me mos' ebery way, fer I allus sarve 'em bes' I knowed. De colah'd people dem days war heap like dey is at de presen' time; dey war a big diff'ence amongst 'em. De mos' 'spectable ones, an' dem dat de white

folks displaced de mos' conference in, was den an' is yet de skeersest.

I kotched ole Jerry, an' me an' de beas' start to town. 'T war gettin' late in de ebenin'; but 't wa' n't but three mile to town, an' Jerry goed 'long tol'able lively an' we 'lowed we 'd git dar a hour 'foh sundown. I thunk hard while we war on de road, an' I kep' a-singin', "Whar, oh whar am Moses an' Elijer?" and dat sorter help me out; an' time I got to "Whar, oh whar am de Hebrew chil'un?" we war in sight ob de tave'n. I rid right up, fer I 'spicioned dat what I 'd come fer would n't be far frum dar.

Hit 'd bin fine an' cl'ar in de mawnin' 'foh de clouds come up, an' de poo' white trash what libed up in de hills 'd come to town an' brung der li'l pa'cle o' gyarden truck ter sell hit. Dey war a-settin' 'roun' de tave'n doah an' war a ugly-lookin' crowd, wif der long yellah hah an yellah faces what did n't look like white folks ner niggers nuther.

Mos' times Mars Jeems would n't 'a' bin seed speakin' to sech lookin' fellers, fer he war 's proud 's a ole fightin' rooster; but dar he war a-standin' in de middle o' dat crowd wif dat gran' stobepipe hat on his head. I knowed hit de minute I sot eyes on hit, fer I 'd tuck 'tic'lar notice on hit on de mawnin' when I seed hit on Mars Payne, an' him a-lookin' so fine an' tarin' 'long like de ole Scratch, on de back o' dat li'l critter what war stan'in' in dat crowd lookin' like he 'mos' knowed dat wa' n't de place whar he 'd orter be. Some o' dem low-down chaps war gettin' 's nigh him 's dey dast, an' tryin' to 'zamin' him, like dey knowed what a hoss orter be! But I tuck notice none ob dem did n't git ter lay hands onter him 'ceptin' Mars Jeems.

He knowed de diff'ence mighty quick 'twix' a gen'l'man's han' an' de han' o' one o' dem no-count trash.

Mars'er he war discoursin' on de good amplifications o' de hoss an' tellin' how he 'd brung him up from a colt an' knowed all 'bout him. Den he jumped onter his back an' rid up an' down de road, an' showed him off mightily, fer Mars Jeems war a dreffful good rider. He come ridin' back ter de tave'n an' say to a mean-lookin' white man, "What ye t'ing o' dis hoss, now, sah?" De man say, "Wall, tol'able fair."

"BUT DER WA' N'T MUCH HAT LEF' TER HOL' ON TER."

He war stan'in' 'longside a mis'able, raw-boned, long-legged, worked-out lookin' ole beas', sway-backed, an' sweeneyed in his lef' shouldah, an' lookin' like he 'd seed his bes' days, long 'foh dat ten yeah come in, ef eber de poo' critter hed bes' days.

I stood a-trem'lin', fer I knowed what war comin' nex'. I coughed an' tried ter koch de Co'n'l's eye, but he did n't min' me no mo h'n a fly. I did n't like ter act imperlite to a gen'l'man, 'spec'ly ter Mars'er, but I

felt skeered fer dat hoss, an' dat hat, an' ole Miss, an' de young gen'l'man.

Mars Jeems spoke up, an' says he, "De hoss am a noble an'mal. From de mos' far-back times he hab bin de tried an' de trusted fr'en' o' man." An' den he talk fine an' edifyin' 'bout 'Lexandah de Great an' a hoss wif a big name what he hed, an' 'bout heaps ob udder folks an' hosses, but I dis-recollec' der names, dey war so cur's—neber hyarn tell on 'em 'foh; reckon dey did n't lib nowhars 'bout hyah, fer man an' boy I 's knowed eb'ry one what 's libed 'roun' 'bout hyah fer nigh onter sixty yeah. But while he war a-talkin' de pony sort o' skeered an' shied, an' Mars Jeems bounded for'a'd like, an' off flew de hat right in front ob de pony, an' inter hit goed his foot—bang! like hit war a shot-gun. I runned an' picked hit up an' punched hit out wif my fist; but der wa' n't much hat lef' ter hol' on ter. I war a-gwine ter hol' on ter de remnink, how'v'r, fer I done promise Miss Jerushy I 'd bring her dat hat, an' I felt like I wa' n't going back on my word.

But Mars Jeems look 'roun' an' say, "Dat you 'Zek'el? Whar you come frum? Why do n' ye bring me my hat?"

I war 'bleeged to gib hit to him den. I tried ter whispah sumfum to 'im, but he neber listened an' kep' on a-talkin' 'bout hosses. He wiped de hat wif his hankchuf an' put hit on his head ag'in. D'rec'ly he says ter dat low-down white man, "Tell ye what I 'll do, sah; you gib me dat hoss o' yourn an' fohty bushels ob co'n to boot an' ye kin take dis hyah fine an'mal."

De man say, "All right—it 's a bargum."

Arter dat dey goed inter de tave'n; an' I seed Mars Jeems writin', an dat white feller lookin' on like he knowed what hit said on de papah! I felt den de worst 'd come an' dar wa' n't no time ter be los'; so I tuck my hat in my han' an' goed up de steps, an' when I got nigh him I says, "Mars Jeems!" He look 'roun', an' says, "'Zek'el, what 's you a-doin' hyah?" I says, low like, "Miss Jerushy, she done sent me to say how she 'd like fer ye to come home, sah, d'rec'ly, sah, an' she say, too, how she 'd like fer ye ter bring de pony 'long. She says she wants ter see ye on very pressin' business, sah."

He says, says he, "Cl'ar yeself—go 'long home! I 's 'gaged wif dis hyah gen'l'man now, an' I can't be pestered wif you."

I says to him again, "Mars Jeems, Miss Jerushy say she wants ter see ye 'tic'lar, right off." But I reckon he did n't hyah me, fer he goed on a-talkin' to de man.

Arter a bit de man tuck de saddle-bags off'n his ole beas' an' flung 'em ober de back o' de pony. An' Jerusa-*lem!* wa' n't dar a kickin' time den! Tuck a consid'able while ter git de saddle swapped. Mars Jeems he got on de ole nag, an' dat fool white man act like he war t'ingin' he could ride de pony, but he did n't t'ing dat way long. A rabbit might a' runned acrost de road while he sot in de saddle, but I do n't reckon nothin' furder 'n dis could 'a' happened; an dar he war a-sprawlin' 'roun' de road like he 'd done forgot de way to git onter his feet. One ob de fellers kotch de pony. De saddle-bags dey war a flyin' 'roun', an' de t'ings in 'em come rollin' out; an' dar war coffee an' snuff an' whisky what war in a bottle dat got broke, all a-mixin' in de road dirt. It war a dreffful pity ter see dat 'ar whisky a-wastin' an' ter smell hit.

Mars Jeems he went joggin' 'long on de ole rattle-bones, an' I rid 'long 'hind him so I could see him all de time. An' I feeled pow'ful glad when I seed him turn in at de big gate at home. I tied ole Jerry to de fence an' come 'roun' lookin' like I 'd bin home fer a hour, fer I did n't want him ter know I 'd bin a-follerin' him. He says ter me, "'Zek'el, do n' ye say nothin' to Miss Jerushy 'bout dat hoss business, d' ye hyah?"

Den he goed ter de house, an' I seed

him put de hat in de hall an' go ter his room. I slipped in an' got de hat an' taked hit out to Miss Jerushy. I slicked hit up bes' I could 'foh gibin' it to her, but I knowed hit did n't look decent.

She look mighty cur'us when she seed hit, an' jes' sighed a big sigh an' tuck hit frum me.

Dat night Mars Jeems hed one ob his bad spells, an' he like to died; he screeched an' hollered an' groaned so 's nobody on de place could n't sleep, hardly. 'Bout midnight I hed to go foh de doctah, an' he staid 'side him all night.

Aunt Cassy said dey had a hard time pullin' him tru, an' hit war mo' 'n a week 'foh he war 'bout de place ag'in.

Dat night soon 's Miss Jerushy foun' dat Mars'er 'd got home she come out to de stable herself ter see war de hoss brung back safe; an' when she seed de ole plug dat war in his place, 'peared like she 'd faint.

Dat young gen'l'man staid an' goed to de picnic wif de young ladies de nex' day. I reckon dis war Miss Jerushy's doin's, ter git time fer 'tendin' to what she hed on her min'. I seed 'em start off in de rockaway, Unc' Eben a-dribin'. De young gen'l'man hed on Mars Jeems' Sun'ay hat, I tuck notice ter dat.

Arter dey goed off, Missus an' me started off, too. I 'spicioned what her business war, but I did n't say nothin'. She driv Jerry in de buggy, an' I rid de ole rattle-bones. Us trabeled nigh onter seben mile, I calculate, an' den come ter a ole cabin whar dat trashy white man war a-settin' on de fence. Him an' ole Miss goed inter de cabin, an' arter a good bit dey come out ag'in. I feeled like I 'd bust out a-cryin' when I seed poo' ole Miss. I knowed hit all, how she 'd bin a-tryin' ter do de tradin' ober agin an' how he wa' n't willin'. Fool an' all 's he war, he wa' n't sech a fool 's dat. Her face war 's white 's 't 'll eber be, an' her eyes so sad an' tired-lookin' dat I feeled like I wanted ter tote her 'n sumpum to sort o' gib her a restin' spell. My poo', tired ole Miss!

She got inter de buggy an' us turned 'roun' ter go back. She did n't say nothin' fer a good spell. I reckon she war a-t'inkin' an' a-plannin'. At las' she says, "Unc' 'Zek'el I's gwine ter town, an' you g' 'long home an' git li'l Bossie an' fotch her ter town. Ye kin meet me at de tave'n." So when we come ter McGinness's cross-roads, she goed on ter town an' I goed home fer de calf. We 'd laid off ter bring up dat 'ar calf. She war pure Jersey stock an' de putties' li'l critter ye eber laid eyes on. I hed a-jumpin' an' a-dancin' time ter kotch her, her mammy was so skeered an' kep' up sech a bellerin' in de milk-lot, an' de li'l t'ing, hyarn her, got sorter wild, wif hits big eyes shinin' like two moons an' her years an' tail stan'in' straight, an' her a-flyin' 'roun' de fiel' like de blowin' win'. But arter a bit I kotched her in a conah an' led de li'l t'ing off, wif hits mammy a-cryin' jes' like folks an' hit answerin' back.

When I got ter de tave'n ole Miss war a-waitin' fer me, an' she tole me Doctah Grimes 'd done bought de calf an' fer me ter take her to his pastur' fiel'. I seed de tears come inter her eyes when she looked at de putty li'l critter, fer she 'd petted hit a sight.

Waal, nex' us driv' back ter de trashy white man's cabin. He looked sorter s'prised ter see us ag'in. Him an' Miss Jerushy got inter de house an' talk fer a spell; an' when I seed de man comin' 'roun' de house leadin' Mars Payne's li'l pony, I nearly hollered glory jewhinikens! We swopped de saddle back ag'in, an' Miss Jerushy she say I could ride him back. But I 'd seed dat pony yistady, an' I knowed what his feelin's war 'bout white trash a-ridin' him; an' I 'lowed he 'd like 's not hab de same 'jection ter niggers. So I said, "'Pears ter me, Miss Jerushy, hit be moh 'spectable ter de pony's feelin's ef I war ter walk 'longside an' lead him by de bridle." So us goed home dat a-way.

Reckon Mars Payne neber onct 'spicioned how his hos'd bin off'n de place, owin' ter my ole Miss knowin' jes' how ter ketch a holt o' t'ings by de right en' an' pull 'em straight when de' got twisted; an' t'ings war eberlastingly a-twistin' dem times.

Recken dar neber war sech anudder white lady 's Miss Jerushy, nowhars. By de bressed canopy! She could do mos' anyt'ing she 'd a-min' ter; an' hit took all her doin' an' fixin' ter git Mars Jeems out'n de scrapes he war so pow'ful spry 'bout gittin' inter.

"SO US GOED HOME DAT A-WAY."

LOVE AT THE DOOR.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Barred is the golden door,
And the boy-god taps in vain;
He rattles the ring—a jeweled thing—
And moans with a cry of pain.
The steps are with roses strewn,
Roses pinky and pale,
He plucked them with vows from the climbing boughs,
But naught does it all avail.

The door, love, is thy heart,
And the hapless pleader, I;
Though I stir the chain to the old refrain
Thou wilt not make reply.
The vows that Helen heard,
Marry, I 've pledged thee more!
Yet stand I still in the gathering chill,
Before a barrèd door.

"No thought which ever stirred
A human heart should be untold."

THE LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY WILLIAM H. HUDSON.

FOR immediate interest and permanent value alike, no work produced in England or America during the past twelve months can compare with Prof. Norton's magnificent edition of the Letters of James Russell Lowell. This collection has been long looked for, and now that we have it at last before us, it can only be said that every anticipation has been more than fulfilled. The editor has performed his task with admirable taste and skill, keeping himself as much as possible in the background and aiming with much success "to secure" for his volume "an autobiographic character." It has clearly been a labor of love with him, and the result is from first to last wholly satisfactory.

The real purpose of such a work as this is not to display for public inspection particulars of a man's personal life with which no one outside the immediate circle of relatives and friends has any proper concern. It is to furnish a character-commentary, unobtainable in any other way, upon a great writer's message to his time—to gratify a just curiosity, and not to minister to our present ignoble craving for domestic detail. To say just where in any given case the line of distinction is to be drawn is, of course, no easy matter; but no reader can fail to notice that in the present volume, at least, the editor's tact and discrimination are beyond dispute. It should, however, be remarked that in this particular instance, the problem of selection was, as Prof. Norton himself points out, an unusually simple one. Though Lowell "had the reserves of a high and delicate nature," yet "there was nothing" in his long life "to be concealed or excused." This fact, and the further fact, also emphasized by Prof. Norton, that "few writers have given in their letters a more faithful representation of themselves, and of few men is the epistolary record more complete from youth to age," have combined to render the editor's purpose relatively easy of achievement.

A couple of specimen letters, dating from the years 1827 and 1828, are interesting as giving us a brief glimpse into Lowell's boyish mind; but the collection really begins with the productions of 1836—his third year

at Harvard—and extends to the June of 1891—only a few months before his death. A careful reading of personal confidences which thus cover the periods of early manhood, maturity, and old age, brings out as perhaps its first appreciable result what may be called the extraordinary stability of Lowell's intellect and character. Writing to Leslie Stephen in 1876, he indeed speaks of an early and violent reaction in his religious thought, but this crisis appears to have come without breaking the true thread of his life, and there is scarcely a trace elsewhere in these letters of the experience to which he refers. The man's whole development seems to have preserved this same element of continuity. The Lowell of seventy was of course in many ways a very different man from the Lowell of twenty-five. The early letters are extremely provincial in their utterances—their outlook is often narrow, their judgments strong but immature; and Lowell himself afterward recognized that in his youth he was younger than most men of his age. The letters of later life, on the other hand, are marked by the wisdom of the true scholar and the urbanity of the cultivated man of the world—by a metropolitanism of the truest kind. Yet, notwithstanding the obvious points of dissimilarity between them, the self-same personality is clearly at the back of them all. His early life was one of hard struggle with fortune; with public success came the shadow of domestic sorrow; his declining years were darkened once more by personal loss and by the ill-health that long preceded his death. Yet through all his varied experiences, with a larger measure of affliction than falls to the lot of most men, and a poetic temperament naturally supersensitive to the harder facts of life, he kept the same brave face, the same manly determination to see things upon their sunny side, the same whole-natured buoyancy, the same resolute optimism. Humor is a saving element in any character; it is the grand safeguard against morbidity and unhealthy sentimentalism — the one thing, perhaps, more than any other, that will keep a life sane and sweet. Lowell's strong strain of humor stood him in friendly stead; relieving the pressure of his financial embarrassments in early manhood, and in later life setting even such a grim fact as that "unearned increment of my good grandfather's Madeira" —the gout, in a half-amusing light. It is this wholesome faculty of making the best of things—this simple courage that is never conscious of itself and never finds vent in heroics—that reveals itself everywhere in these letters, and connects the intense but somewhat raw boy with the ripe and world-experienced man. And this faculty remained with him to the very end. Of his seventieth birthday he writes: "It is very droll to be seventy. Don't scold me for it—I 'll never do it again, but I don't feel any older, I think, and I am sure I don't feel any wiser than I did before." And in the very last letter given in the collection, and dated June 21, 1891, he says: "I have been very wretched with one thing and another. And now a painful sensation is taking its turn. I could crawl about a little before this came, but *now my chief exercise is on the nightmare.* I can't sleep without opium."

Such quaint touches may serve to remind us that readers who seek in these letters for traces of that genial and expansive humor with which Lowell's published work has made us familiar, will not be disappointed. There are occasions when the writer just lets himself go, pouring out a series of amazing puns, or following up some ludicrous suggestion to the very verge of absurdity. This, for example, is the way in which, in a letter written from Dresden in 1855, he describes his struggles with the German tongue: "I get up *um sieben uhr* and *das madchen* brings me my coffee and *butterbrod* at eight. Then I begin to study. I am reading for my own amusement *(du lieber Gott)* the *aesthetische Forschungen von* Adolf Zeising, pp. 568 large octavo! Then I overset something *aus* German into English. Then comes dinner at one o'clock with *ungeheuer* German dishes. *Nachmittag* I study Spanish. *Um sechs uhr ich spazieren gehe,* and at seven come home and Dr. R. dictates and I write. *Aber potztausend Donnerwetter!* What a language it is to be sure! with nominatives sending out as many roots as that witch-grass which is the pest of all child-gardens, and sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed orders, not knowing where the devil he is going to till he is in mid-ocean! Then

after tea we sit and talk German, or what some of us take to be such, and which I speak already like a native—of some other country. The confounded genders! If I die I will have engraved on my tombstone that I died of *der, die, das*, not because I caught 'em, but because I could n't."

Lowell as we know him in his works, was a strange mixture of the humorist and the transcendentalist, the Yankee and the poet. All these various aspects of his complex character come out to some extent in his letters, and with a spontaneity and a naturalness that of course make the self-revelation all the more interesting and valuable. Yet it is perhaps remarkable that, on the whole, the deeper side of his thought appears so little. Considering how much Lowell concerned himself with the profounder problems of existence, references to questions of philosophy and religion are surprisingly few and slight. Subjective as he was as a poet, he perhaps chose to reserve this part of his thinking for his poetic self-expression. At any rate, while he writes freely enough of his other studies, he here, consciously or unconsciously, seems habitually to draw the veil. Still there are occasional allusions, and these, brief though they are, evidently bring us very near the real man. Twice at least—and each time in his letter to his friend Leslie Stephen—he touches upon his persistent refusal to allow doubt to enter the inner sanctities of his life. "I shut my eyes resolutely (I confess) when I turn them in certain directions, and trust my instincts and my longings, or whatever you choose to call them." And again, two years later, in almost the same words: "I continue to shut my eyes in certain speculative directions, and am willing to find solace in certain intimations that seem to come from a region higher than my reason." Here speaks the transcendentalist. Lowell was indeed in many ways—as he himself says, half-sportively, half in earnest—a natural conservative; and he clearly looked with little sympathy at many of the tendencies of modern thought. But though little is to be found in these volumes directly illustrating the writer's attitude towards the deeper inquiries of his time, his letters are rich in passages of high ethical import—passages in which we have often in a phrase or two of memorable significance the crystalization of a noble nature's many-sided experience of life.

In a letter dating from as far back as 1845, Lowell criticises Poe, as "lacking in the element of manhood, which for want of a better name we call *character*." Character, in the best and truest sense of the word, is beyond all things manifested throughout these letters; and, interesting as they are in many ways, they are perhaps most deeply interesting in just this respect. The volumes—luxurious in print and binding—are themselves a splendid example of American bookmaking. Three admirable photogravure portraits of Lowell enrich the text, and as an appendix to the first volume is given a delightful letter of personal reminiscence from the pen of Leslie Stephen, one of Lowell's closest and most valued friends.

OUIDA AS SHE IS.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

FOREIGNERS passing through Florence always try to get an introduction to Ouida. If they are lucky enough to succeed they will be amply repaid, for she is and always has been a very striking person, in appearance, manner, and dress.

The famous novelist has changed much of late years. Her pallid, masculine face habitually bears a weary, depressed look, and there is a lack-lustre expression about her large, gray eyes. The mass of blonde hair which flows loosely over her shoulders has an ashen tinge. It is whispered that her maid spends many hours daily in dressing it, and that the perfume which she uses in her toilet costs thirty dollars an ounce. She

has always lavished money on her wardrobe. She especially prizes a magnificent set of sables, the gift of a wealthy Muscovite admirer. Next in her affections is an unique collection of old laces, purchased at odd times whenever she had an opportunity. She has also an immense collection of shoes in every variety of style, all made with nice, artistic eye toward the proper display of her slimly arched instep. Her gloves, too, are all made to order.

Ouida loves to shock the conventional world with her manners as she does to offend it with her books. At home she drinks brandy and smokes cigarettes, and is often rude to visitors. Once a well-known critic when visiting her ventured, in the course of a very friendly conversation, to ask the novelist how she came to know so much about clubs, camps, barracks, gambling-houses, and other places which are visited by men exclusively. She placed her hands upon her knees, and looking straight at her questioner, saucily said: "It is none of your business."

Louisa de la Ramée—to give her full name for once—is about fifty-three years old, having been born at Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, in 1840. Her father was a French refugee who settled in England. At an early age she went with her mother to London, and soon began under the *nom de guerre* Ouida—a child's mispronunciation of Louisa—to dabble in literature. While still in her teens she wrote her first novel "Granville de Vigne," which was published two years later (1863) under the title "Held in Bondage." It was originally issued as a serial in the *New Monthly Magazine* and attracted the attention of J. B. Lippincott, the Philadelphia publisher, who recognized its brilliant audacity and made inquiries as to the author. Ascertaining that it was the first book of a very young woman, he found a London publisher for the novel when completed and published it himself in America. "Held in Bondage" made an immediate hit, and the author was lifted from obscurity to prominence, from poverty to financial comfort. Ouida has followed up her first success with some twenty-seven other novels, all of which are constructed on the same line and which still bring in large royalties to their author. A well-know critic once said of her that she might have proven a genius had she not conceived herself one from the start.

For the past twenty years Ouida has resided on the outskirts of Florence, in a villa which formerly belonged to one of the Medici. The room in which she works is truly picturesque. Its walls are painted with exquisite old Italian frescoes, and inlaid tables laden with pots of flowers (lilies and hyacinths abounding) line the walls. There is a priceless Persian rug before the hearthstone, where she likes to lie and dream—and sometimes to scream a little as a safety-valve to her emotions. She has a dainty oratory, containing a statue of the Madonna, before which there burns a perpetual light, a circumstance which, coupled with the fact that she was at one time much given to making visits to the neighboring Fiesole to argue points of theology with the "Black Pope" as Father Anderledy the late head of the Jesuits was called, gave rise to the persistent rumor that she contemplated "going over to Rome."

Between her books she leaves an interval of two years, and the plots in her novels are thought out in the course of long, country rambles. She does not, however, get through as much work now as she used to do. She begins her labor at five o'clock in the morning: but this does not mean that she really sits down and writes, but simply that she is ready to ponder over one of her strange stories; for she takes up her pen only when the inspiration seizes her. She never writes at a table; but sits in a low chair, with an inkstand before her, a blotter on her knee, and sheets of manuscript strewn about the floor—each page containing very few words, so extraordinarily large is her handwriting. She uses a goose quill.

Ouida is a great walker, and in all her tramps is invariably accompanied by a retinue of dogs of every size and breed, from her huge St. Bernard down to that wondrous little Maltese terrier of which she tells so many impossible stories. She feigns to love them better than her own race—especially the females of her own race,—declaring them to be more faithful; and she is fond of introducing one of her four-footed favorites into the novel she happens to be writing.

When one of her dogs dies it is buried with solemn honors.

Hers is a familiar figure driving along the Lung Arno in her curious open carriage lined with gold-brocaded satin, the horses harnessed with peculiar black-and-silver trappings. But, although she is often seen thus in public, she eschews general society, living alone with her faithful old maid, who, by the way, was the original of Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." On rare occasions she pays a flying visit to Paris or to London. For many years she patronized the Langham Hotel in London; and her Saturday-night receptions, which began at eleven and ended at two, were the first smoking-parties in England. At one of these receptions a well-known woman was brought up to be presented, and, anticipating the words of introduction, said graciously: "One scarcely needs an introduction to Madam Ouida, whom everybody knows." "Humph!" was the retort, "I pity Madam Ouida if she has to know everybody"; and then Madam Ouida settled back behind the big, black fan she always carries.

Ouida never shakes hands; she declares it to be the most vulgar form of salutation. As soon as she enters a room she makes for a seat. Once seated she will not budge until she takes her leave. Anyone who wishes to meet her must play Mahomet to her mountain. No matter who he may be she never rises or charges her position. Oscar Wilde, the erstwhile apostle of æstheticism, is one of her most intimate friends. Another great pet of hers is Edmund Yates, who, she declares, would have been one of the most famous novelists of the day if he had written less.

The only living woman Ouida envies is Rosa Bonheur, while Mary Anderson seems to be an object of her hatred. But Ouida never liked Americans. When the late Mrs. John Bigelow rather forced herself upon the author of "Under Two Flags," Ouida said she really hated Americans. "Well, I don't know why you should," replied Mrs. Bigelow, "they are the only people who read your shameful books." Ouida drew the American towards her saying, "Why, you must be an interesting woman after all; you may come in." For, like Carlyle, she may be won over by persons who treat her with her own weapons. And those who know her well declare that her somewhat harsh exterior hides a warm and sensitive heart; and the poor in Florence tell many stories of her tender and thoughtful charity; for, in an eccentric and uncertain way, she is very generous. On this subject, however, her own lips are sealed. "Never speak of your good deeds," she once remarked; "some one may find out your motive."

THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO.

THE above is the title of a new book by Charles F. Lummis, with whose writings readers of the CALIFORNIAN are familiar, Mr. Lummis being a contributor to this periodical. He is always an alluring entitler, and was never more so than in this, his latest book. It goes deeper than the cover, running like a thread of sunny suggestion through such chapter-headings as "The City in the Sky," "The Chase of the Chongo," and "The Cities That Were Forgotten." In these warm liquid phrases alone is something of the far, mysterious charm with which New Mexico holds the hearts of her sojourners —holds them so that other suns than hers are chill, all other skies are pale.

Though with some claims to archæological lore and a patient student of the pueblan tongues, it is as the painter that Mr. Lummis writes of the Southwest. The reader sees and feels as before a compelling canvas. In his method one thinks of Chardin—the same strength, the same color, the same *brulalite*. The flaws are few, but they are striking, and they come where the decorative instinct has given way to the didactic, an attempt of the painter to speak outside his creation. To those who know the *poco-tiempo* land the book will have the dearness of a friend. To those who neither know nor care, it speaks with the authority that comes from knowledge, understanding,

and sympathy. Added to this is the charm of a vivid personality.

Until artists in pigment come to tell the adequate story of this picture-rich land, one must put up impatiently with the realism of the photograph. The photographic originals of the cuts which illustrate this book were taken by its author, and therefore supply a better visual commentary than is usually possible.

The following excerpt from the volume will fairly indicate its style and character:

"Sun, silence, and adobe—that is New Mexico in three words. If a fourth were to be added, it need be only to clinch the three. It is the great American mystery—the national Rip Van Winkle—the United States which is *not* United States. Here is the land of '*Poco Tiempo*'—the home of 'Pretty Soon.' Why hurry with the hurrying world? The 'Pretty Soon' of New Spain is better than the 'Now! Now!' of the haggard States. The opiate sun soothes to rest, the adobe is made to lean against, the hush of day-long noon would not be broken. Let us not hasten—*mañana* will do. Better still, *pasado mañana*. New Mexico is the anomaly of the republic. It is a century older in European civilization than the rest, and several centuries older still in a happier semi-civilization of its own. It had its little walled cities of stone before Columbus had grandparents-to-be; and it has them yet. The most incredible pioneering the world has ever seen overran it with the zeal of a prairie-fire three hundred and fifty years ago; and the embers of that unparalleled blaze of exploration are not quite dead today. The most superhuman marches, the most awful privations, the most unsleeping vigilance, wrested this bare, brown land to the world; and having wrested it, went to sleep. The winning was the wakefulest in history—the after-nap eternal. It never has wakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does little but sleep here. A few semi-bustling American towns wart the territorial map. It is pock-marked with cattle ranches and mines, where Experience has wielded his costly birch over millionaire pupils from the east and from abroad. But the virus never reached the blood—the pits are only skin deep. The Saxon excrescences are already asleep, too. The cowboy is a broken idol. He no longer 'shoots up the town,' nor riddles heels reluctant for the dance. His day is done; and so is that of the argonaut. They both are with us, but their lids are heavy. And around them is New Spain again, dreamy as ever after their rude but short-lived nudging. The sheep—which feed New Mexico—doze again on the mesas, no longer routed by their long-horned foes; and where sheep are, is rest. The brown or gray adobe hamlets of the descendants of those fiery souls who wreaked here a commonwealth before the Saxon fairly knew there was a new world; the strange, terraced towns of the aboriginal pioneers who out-Spaniarded the Spaniards by unknown centuries; the scant leaven of incongruous American brick—all are under the spell. And the abrupt mountains, the echoing, rock-walled cañons, the sunburnt mesas, the streams bankrupt by their own shylock sands, the gaunt, brown, treeless plains, the ardent sky—all harmonize with unearthly unanimity.

"'Picturesque' is a tame word for it. It is a picture, a romance, a dream, all in one. It is our one corner that is the sun's very own. Here he has had his way, and no discrepancy mars his work. It is a land of quaint, swart faces, of Oriental dress and unspelled speech; a land where distance is lost and the eye is a liar; a land of ineffable lights and sudden shadows; of polytheism and superstition, where the rattlesnake is a demigod and the cigarette a means of grace, and where Christians mangle and crucify themselves—the heart of Africa beating against the ribs of the Rockies. There are three typical races in New Mexico now—for it would be wrong to include the ten per cent. 'American' interpolation as a type. With them I have here nothing to do. They are potential, but not picturesque. Besides them and around them are the real auctothones, a quaint ethnologic trio. First, the 9,000 Pueblo Indians—peaceful, fixed, house-dwelling, and home-loving tillers of the soil: good Catholics in the churches they have builded with a patience infinite as that of the pyramids; good pagans everywhere else. Then the 10,000 Navajo Indians—those other 10,000 are in Arizona—sullen, nomad, horse-loving, horse-stealing, horse-living vagrants of the saddle; pagans first, last, and all the time; and inventors of the mother-in-law joke gray centuries before the civilized world awoke to it. Last of all, the Mexicans, inbred and isolation-shrunken descendants of the Castilian world-finders; living almost as much against the house as in it; ignorant as slaves, and more courteous than kings; poor as Lazarus, and more hospitable than Crœsus; Catholics from A to Izzard, except when they take occasion to be Penitentes—and even then fighting to bring their matted scourges and bloody crosses into the church which bars its door to them. The Navajos have neither houses nor towns; the Pueblos have nineteen compact little 'cities;' and the Mexicans several hundred villages, a part of which are shared by the invader. The few towns of undiluted gringo hardly count in summing up the Territory of 300 by 400 miles.

"If new Mexico lacks the concentration

of natural picturesqueness to be found elsewhere, it makes up in universality. There are almost no waterfalls, and not a river worthy of the name. Cañons are rare, and inferior to those of Colorado and the farther Southwest. The mountains are largely skyward miles of savage rock, and forests are far between. But every landscape is characteristic and even beautiful—with a wierd, unearthly beauty, treacherous as the flowers of the cacti. Most of New Mexico, most of the year, is an indescribable harmony in browns and grays, over which the enchanted light of its blue skies casts an eternal spell. Its very rocks are unique—only Arizona shares those astounding freaks of form and color carved by the scant rains and more liberal winds of immemorial centuries and towering across the bare land like the milestones of forgotten giants. The line of huge buttes of blood-red sandstone, which stretches from Mt. San Mateo to the Little Colorado, including the 'Navajo Church' and a thousand minor wonders, is typically New Mexican. The Navajo Reservation—which lies part in this Territory and part in Arizona—is remarkably picturesque throughout, with its broad plains hemmed by giant mesas split with wild cañons. So are the regions about Jamez, Conchiti, Taos, Santa Fé, Acoma, and a few others. The most unique pictures in New Mexico are to be found among its unique pueblos. Their quaint, terraced architecture is the most remarkable on the continent; and there is none more picturesque in the world. It remains intact only in the remoter Pueblos—those along the Rio Grande have been largely Mexicanized into one-storied tameness. Laguna, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, has some three-story terraced houses still; Acoma, on its dizzy island-cliff, twenty miles southwest, is all three-storied; and Taos, in its lovely, lonely valley far to the north, is two great pyramid-tenements of six stories.

SHELLEY.

BY MARY McNEIL SCOTT.

What need for him of monument or urn
While yet the lark springs to a dawn-lit sky
And while the lowliest follower may discern
In drowsy wood or on the wind-swept burn
That small mimosa which, though frail and shy,
Is strong to hold the master's memory?

Questions Of the Day

IS FREEDOM A SUCCESS?

A QUARTER of a century, however small an arc in the cycle of the ages it may seem when it becomes the history of the remote past, is yet sufficent to furnish some data in a great national experiment by which the success or failure of the experiment may, with some degree of assurance, be predicted. That the course pursued in this country with the negro—brought as he was from barbarism in the African jungle, held a slave for more than two and a half centuries, emancipated, and immediately clothed with the full power of citizenship—has been an experiment, none can deny; and that this condition is still problematical is equally true. An experiment in which seven and a half million human souls are the elements is not to be lightly considered. Even though the welfare of these only were at stake instincts of humanity might justly prompt each person outside the dark race line to reflect upon the matter earnestly and to use all the power at his command for securing a right result; but seven and a half million human beings cannot rise or fall alone. The welfare of every citizen of the Union is bound up in the problem of the fate of the negro race in America. How has the problem worked out during the past twenty-five years? Has the value of the unknown quantity with which it began, the negro himself, yet been found?

The old-time negro, with his distinctive race peculiarities, is rapidly becoming a figure of the past. He is picturesque; but, if you want to keep him, you had better use your Kodak, for while you are preparing your palette he will be gone, and his like can never be found on the earth again—the mold was broken when the Emancipation Proclamation rang out through the southern land. But negroes of another type are here in his place; and that they are here to stay is a certainty. They do not wish to be colonized in Liberia or elsewhere; and, much as we might desire to avoid the responsibility their existence here imposes upon us, no one has the right to compel them to leave. Besides, this country owes them protection, and the protection cannot be disregarded. They came here without desire on their own part to do so, and not through the sin of the South alone—for the whole land entered into the covenant with evil which could only be broken with the pouring out of rivers of blood. North and South together sinned, but the South reaped the financial benefit; and North and South together suffered, but on the South fell the financial loss. If we heed the warning uttered by our dead Lowell—"They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin," it may be well; but if, as a nation, we shirk the responsibilities that our forefathers entailed upon us, we may again bring on ourselves the ordeal of fire and blood.

We need not expect to yet find in the new type of negro very broad culture or lofty patriotism. If we do we shall be woefully disappointed. His was a hard beginning, and twenty-five years is not a long time for the growth of a race. At the close of the war, he was clothed with the right of suffrage and very little else, and housed under the broad wings of government protection

which afforded but little shelter in bad weather; so he had much to do for himself. But if in the new type we find the germ of good citizenship we may well agree to give it time and opportunity to grow, and not despair of the future.

Many hold that the negro is necessarily mentally inferior to the white man. Grant that this be true: the inferiority may be the result of unpropitious conditions, to be diminished as these are improved. But, even if inherent in the race, it cannot be a great degree of inferiority, as is proved by several facts. One of these is that many men of unmixed African blood have taken high honors at our colleges, both those for their own race and others in which they have competed with white students. These cases, being exceptional, should be taken as evidence only as they raise the average grade of intelligence of their people. Another fact is the desire of the negroes to secure educational advantages for their children. In this they are, as a rule, very solicitous—more so even than the "poor whites," who show but little desire to better their miserable condition. We may laugh at this when it crops out in ludicrous forms, and scold at it when a servant fails to come in the morning to cook the breakfast or to groom the horse, and we afterwards learn that "he 's gwine ter school"; but the desire for knowledge is certainly an indication that there are, within the hearts of the race, stirrings after nobler things.

Morally, the negro is very low yet. There is abundance of religion among them—more, in fact, floating around than can be appropriated by the population, and it is sometimes quite a hindrance to their usefulness; for in times of revival meetings, and these generally last from January 1st to the last hour of December 31st, many absorb religion most of the night, and sleep off its effects the most of the day. It is a religion made up of nervous excitement, superstition, and fear of punishment, and is, in many cases, as widely separated from principles of morality as it is from principles of geometry. The idea prevails among them, and it is proclaimed by their untrained preachers, that in order to escape punishment for sin it is necessary to go through a certain definite routine known as "'speriencin' 'ligion," which has no necessary connection with a change of life. Their religion is an effort to escape punishment rather than a purpose to build up worthy character. This, of course, has reference to the mass of the people. There are educated negroes and those who truly apprehend the Christian life as presented in the Gospel, but they are few. They steal adroitly and count it no sin, and in lying they are marvelously expert, even the little children being able to construct a plausible story at a moment's notice. Many of their preachers, even, lead lives of sinfulness and crime; yet the exhortations of these men are none the less effective because of this fact.

Considered on the plane of economics, the negro character is also very deficient. They are pre-eminently a thriftless people, and waste more than would support them comfortably—that is, if they have anything to waste; if not, they accept the situation with serene cheerfulness 'till good luck brings them a chance to steal something. They receive the command "take no thought for the morrow" in a much broader sense than it was given, and spend wastefully to-day, even though they must starve to-morrow. Whisky, tobacco, and snuff are three supplies on which their earnings are thrown away most rapidly. A negro woman can no more get through her day's work without her box of snuff and her snuff-stick than she could without her fingers. There is a childishness in this matter of management and provision for the future that is really pathetic. Verily here, as elsewhere, "the curse of the poor is their poverty."

The caste feeling engendered by the previous condition of the negroes is another element of danger to the community. Wherever the caste principle operates society is kept from making the progress it might otherwise make. The feeling that manual labor is a degradation is strong in the negro; hence, engaging in this class of work exclusively himself, he, in his heart, despises himself and looks up with a kind of reverence to the white man who can exist by other means. This deference to idleness inevitably has its influence upon the community at large, and tends to pervert public feeling on the subject of honest toil. In

direct proportion as this feeling is passing away is the South developing industrial enterprise and waking up to the sense of her marvelous capabilities. The question as to how the races are to live together in the South—where their lives are to touch and where to be kept separate—is one of the great questions of that section to-day; but until each class learns to despise in the other only what is low and base and to respect all that is noble, self-reliant, and brave, the question will remain unanswered. It may take many decades to work out this result, but slowly it is even now being brought to pass.

Another cause of discord between the two races is the insolent and insulting manners of some of the rising generation of the colored people. The old-time negro shows his respect to all white persons in an obsequious politeness, and his broad compliments are well-nigh overpowering; but his son and grandson, and more conspicuously his daughter and granddaughter, feeling that such conduct does not comport with the character which freedom demands, in their desire to evince their independence of all necessity of favor or patronage go far in the other direction, and show flippancy and impudence that are hard to bear with perfect self-possession and that would have been rather startling a generation back.

This accumulation of facts might make the outlook for the ultimate uplifting of the negroes a dreary one were it not that there is much to be said on the other side of the subject. Let us remember that the negroes are removed by only a few generations from the densest barbarism and heathenism to be found on the earth; and let us also remember that while, during the period of their bondage, vast improvement was effected in their condition, so that they were Christianized, civilized, and developed to a certain extent as to their industrial capacities, yet this was by no means the condition which favored their best growth in any of these directions. As slaves they were far better off than as savages—but this consideration does not justify the nation that bartered for them or rid slavery of the evils that blighted the career of both races.

Much is being done in educating the negroes, and much more must be done and quickly done, if the nation that has placed power in their hands is to be free from danger when it is exercised. All the leading religious denominations have established schools for their training, and some control colleges whose course embraces as liberal a range of studies as any in the land. These give encouraging reports of the good work being done. It is perhaps by the schools of lower grade, however, that most good is being wrought among the mass of the negroes. Most of the colored folk are poor, and comparatively few can take a college course; but many are reached by the common schools. The census report of 1890, as compared with that of 1880, presents a very encouraging view of the progress of education among the negroes. The percentage of the population enrolled at public schools is given in the census report of 1890 as 18.55, while the report for 1880 shows but 11.48 per cent. In that decade, therefore, there was 61.58 per cent. of increase. This great advance in the number of those reached by educational influences cannot fail to bring about good results, which we shall most certainly see within the next ten years when those now children at the schools will be shaping the life of their race. This nation has not been grudging in the education of the dark children, for both public and private purses have aided very liberally the important work. The late Mr. Grady, the brilliant Georgia editor, remarked the fact that in his own State "the whites are assessed for $368,000,000 and the blacks for $10,000,000 and yet 49 per cent. of the beneficiaries are black children," and that "the negroes of the South, paying one-thirtieth of the taxes, get nearly one-half of the funds spent in education." This is significant. Many of the schools do, and certainly all should, aim to give a symmetrical development to the characters they take in hand, training them mentally, morally, and industrially.

General Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., speaking from experience in his work for the negro, said of him when he began his career as a free man, "The great trouble with the negro was not ignorance, it was deficiency of character, and character must be *worked* out." You cannot dump a cartload of facts into a human mind and then

turn out a first-class statesman, financier, or artisan. A long lifetime is all too short for the perfecting of a character, and as the race is greater than the individual, so much greater and so much slower must be the work. That the work is going on few who live among the negroes can honestly doubt.

One of the greatest needs of the colored people is a properly educated ministry. The negroes are very accessible on the religious side of their nature, but this is sometimes a source of evil rather than good. It is hardly possible to lay too great stress on the necessity for their religious training —it seems to be their first great need. With their natures as they are, they must be religious; and if their vicious tendencies are not overcome by the true, renovating gospel of Christ, they must slip back again into their old heathenism and superstition, which are still in the blood. This want is fast being supplied by the colleges for the negroes giving to their theological students the same training as is received by white students; and a number of cultured colored men are now teaching their own people the true principles of Christianity. The good produced by this change must be more and more evident each year, but as yet the need remains very great. The last census report shows that the colored members of various religious denominations in 1890 numbered 2,379,000, and that they owned church property to the value of about $13,403,800.

Although most of the negroes are still lacking in energy and thrift there has been, within the last few years, considerable advance in the amount of property held by them and in all the material conditions of their life. Many in every community own small homes and some own more than a little other property. Their home life, also, is improving very perceptibly. Though many live in squalor and want, caused by their own improvidence, numbers of them are acquiring comforts and adopting more skillful methods of conducting their households. This improvement is very encouraging; for, with better homes, right religious training, and proper educational advantages a broadening of life is sure to come.

But a few years ago the vast majority of the negroes knew no pursuit but agriculture, and but little of this except as they acted under supervision. Now, many of them are engaged in the mechanical trades and are skilled workmen. In some divisions of labor, negroes are restricted to inferior positions, white workmen refusing to admit them to an equal standing with themselves; but this feeling is not universal, and in many departments equal skill commands equal place and equal pay. Some time ago the *Tradesman*, of Chattanooga, Tenn., sent out a circular-letter to the managers of industries in the South, with the object of ascertaining the efficiency of negro labor in manufactures. Certain questions were asked; and, from the summing-up of the answers obtained from twenty-eight sources in different parts of the South, the following quotations are made:

> The average wages paid for skilled labor runs at about $1.75 a day, though several correspondents pay colored heaters, puddlers, and other high-class workmen as high as $4.00 and $5.00 a day; and many furnaces pay from $1.50 to $2.50. Average wages to common laborers, $1.15 per day. Several correspondents regard the negro in several kinds of furnace and mill work, where high temperature is encountered, as superior to white labor; and the majority prefer him to the white, as a common laborer.

Thus it is seen that the colored man is gradually taking his place beside his white brother in the fields of labor, and is proving his ability to compete with that white brother in the use of hands and brain. Many colored men now occupy creditable positions, also, in all the learned professions. In view of these facts, let every chance be given him to climb, and let him grasp whatever tool he is capable of wielding for the work of the world.

Since it must be admitted that freedom has been, and must ever be, the only condition under which civilization can flourish, whatever of failure we detect in our national life as it relates to the negroes cannot be referred to the fact that they, once slaves, are now free men and women; but let us honestly acknowledge that the faults are in ourselves and in themselves, and set about righting them.

That there are large possibilities for the negroes of this land many of them have proved; and the field of their achievement may be larger than we yet imagine. It is a great thing to stand by and see a new race developed, but it is a wonderful thing that our hands may turn their faces in the right direction. Given churches and school-

houses, and the right teaching in them, and we need not fear for the future of the negro, and may leave perplexing questions about his future position to settle themselves. The Anglo-Saxon race in our land is, and probably will remain, the governing race; the decision, therefore, rests with it as to whether the negroes of the twentieth century shall be drifting back to degradation and barbarism, with all the evils such a condition would bring about, or shall be standing upon the firm ground of good citizenship. HELEN STEWART.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.[1]

THE nominations of Mr. Hornblower and of Mr. Peckham for a vacant seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States have served once more to attract the attention of the country to the relations between the President and the Senate as regards appointments to office. As is well known, the action of the Senate upon nominations submitted to it for confirmation by the President is frequently governed by an unwritten rule which by way of euphemism is called "the courtesy of the Senate." According to this rule the Senate is not to confirm the appointment of any nominee who is "personally objectionable" to the Senators from whose State the nominee is taken. In point of fact, however, the pretension is that the President is bound to consult Senators belonging to his own party before he nominates any citizen of their respective States, and to obtain their approval of the nomination prior to its submission to the Senate. This pretension amounts substantially to a claim on the part of Senators that they have a right to dictate nominations. This claim directly conflicts with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint," etc. This evidently means that the President shall freely exercise the power to nominate according to his judgment, and that, the nomination having been made by him, the Senate shall freely exercise its power to consent to the nomination or not, as it may choose. But, according to their self-made rule, Senators claim not only the power to advise and consent after the nomination is made, but to control the nomination too. This is a clear usurpation by Senators of the constitutional powers of the Executive.

It is true this pretension to control the nominations is not in every case insisted upon. There have always been high-minded men in the Senate, at least in times past, who respected the constitutional limitations of power. These were usually the men whose advice, previous to the making of nominations, would have been of real value to the President, because it would have been unselfish. But the Senators whose advice in such things is the least free from selfish motives, and has therefore morally the least title to regard, are usually those who most strenuously insist upon what they call their "Senatorial prerogative." The cases of Hornblower and Peckham strikingly illustrate what this sort of "courtesy of the Senate" will lead to.

Senator Hill opposed the appointment of Mr. Hornblower in part, professedly, on the ground that the nominee lacked the qualifications required for the Supreme Bench. But this was a mere subterfuge, which, against the emphatic endorsement given Mr. Hornblower by the Bar Association of New York, could not be maintained. The main reason for Senator Hill's opposition, and the one upon which he laid the greatest stress, was that Mr. Hornblower was personally offensive to him, and that the President had not consulted him concerning the nomination, to obtain his approval of it. When Hornblower had, owing to Senator Hill's invocation of Senatorial courtesy, been rejected, and Mr. Peckham been nominated, Senator Hill objected to Mr. Peckham, whose fitness as a jurist he could not question, on the ground that Mr. Peckham was still more offensive to him; and this under the rule of Senatorial courtesy should be sufficient reason for rejection.

Why, then, were Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Peckham personally offensive to Senator Hill? Not because they were not men of high character, for everybody admitted that they were. Not because they were not members of the Democratic party, for they were known as old Democrats. But because

[1] From Harpers Weekly.

they belonged to the reformatory wing of the Democratic party, and, more particularly, because they had been active in exposing Mr. Maynard, one of Senator Hill's political confederates, who had committed an act which under the laws of New York is a felony, and for which the people of his State buried him at the late election under an adverse majority of more tnan one hundred thousand votes. It is quite certain that had Mr. Hornblower or Mr. Peckham, instead of denouncing and exposing Mr. Maynard, defended and supported him, either of them would have had commendation instead of opposition from Senator Hill. It is equally certain that had Mr. Hornblower or Mr. Peckham in such manner won Senator Hill's favor, neither of them would have been morally worthy of a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States, or in any court in the country. But just because they had done what as conscientious men they were bound to do, what every honorable lawyer in the State had countenanced them in doing, what commended them to the public confidence, and what the people of their State sanctioned and ratified by an enormous majority, they were personally offensive to Senator Hill, and on this ground to be rejected by a courteous Senate. In effect, Senator Hill, by the attitude he took, declared before all the people that no man who had opposed Mr. Maynard on account of an act branded as a felony by the laws of New York, and had thereby made himself personally offensive to the Senators from that State, however estimable a gentleman, and however good a lawyer he might be, should have a chance to become a judge on the Supreme Bench, the President and the people to the contrary notwithstanding; and, further, that the Senate of the United States was bound by the rule of Senatorial courtesy to make good this proclamation. No fair-minded man will deny that this was an outrage of the first order.

There are some well-meaning persons who say that, after all, the President would do better to avoid a quarrel with Senator Hill, and to nominate a man not objectionable to him. Those who think so fail to grasp the importance of the point in dispute. When Senator Hill had substantially proclaimed that opposition to a criminal who was a candidate for a judgeship in New York should disqualify any man guilty of that opposition for a Federal appointment, would not the President have admitted and countenanced this disqualification if he had on such a ground abstained from nominating a man offensive to Senator Hill, and selected one in this respect acceptable to the Senator? To put the question is to answer it. The President was bound by every consideration of honor and of public morality to deny this disqualification in the most emphatic manner possible, and to continue denying it, were it even against the whole Senate, until every chance of making that denial effective was exhausted. The idea that a politician of so low a character as David B. Hill should presume to decree the exclusion from the Federal Supreme Bench of every honorable lawyer in the State of New York who opposed the elevation of a criminal to a judgeship, and that the Senate, by way of courtesy, should sustain and enforce this decree, is too monstrous and revolting to be endured with patience. The President deserves the gratitude of every good citizen for manfully resisting it, and it is to be hoped that this striking object-lesson will serve to point out to the whole country the so-called courtesy of the Senate as a public danger and an unmitigated insult to the people.

SHOULD WE HAVE AN INCOME-TAX? YES.[1]

THE annual expenditures of the Government, including the amount required for the sinking-fund, demand of the Treasury $500,000,000. In preparing any measure to raise that sum by taxation, two objects ought to be kept steadily before the eye of the legislator. One object should be so to lay the burden as that each citizen shall be required to contribute his just share to the support of the Government. And the other is that as far as it can possibly be done the revenue should be raised without obstructing or hindering the movement of the products of labor on their way to market, so that they may find ready sale and our labor find constant and remunerative employment.

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[1] Senator Roger Q. Mills in North American Review for February.

The Democratic party promised the country that when it came into power it would institute a just system of taxation; and when it begins the work it is confronted within its own lines by a determined opposition to the execution of its promises. It is charged vehemently that a tax on wealth is odious and inquisitorial. If that be true, all State and local systems of taxation are of the same hateful nature, and have been so from the beginning of the Government. All taxes are odious to the taxpayer, and they become more so in proportion to the size of the contribution. But, after all, they must be imposed and paid, and every citizen should willingly share in their contribution. How are the $500,000,000 to be raised? Is the whole burden to be laid upon articles produced by the annual labor of the people, and the consumption of which is required, year by year, to sustain human life? Is all accumulated wealth to be exempt? Land cannot be reached, because the Constitution has placed it beyond the power of Congress; but there are abundant means within our reach from which we may gather the required sum without destroying our commerce and shutting out our labor from employment. We have between sixty-five and seventy billions of accumulated wealth, whose annual gain and income may justly be required to aid in supporting the Government. We produce over eight billions of manufactured product protected against competition; it would not be unjust to call on it for a contribution. We have many millions deposited in banks which the Government is guarding for its owners. There can be no good reason why these millions should not be taxed. We have ten thousand millions of railroad property which the Government is protecting, but for that protection that property is contributing nothing. It should be called upon by the tax-gatherer. Adam Smith lays down the canon that

"the subjects of *every State* ought to contribute toward the support of the Government, as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenues which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State."

This canon is correct both morally and legally, and it should be rigorously observed by the legislator in laying upon the shoulders of the citizen the exactions of government. But we have reversed the principle, and instead of laying the duties in proportion to what the taxpayer has, we lay them in proportion to what he has not. We do not "take out and keep out" as little as possible, as Smith admonishes us, but as much as possible. And we tax him, not only for the support of the state but for the support of indigent millionaires. This policy must be reversed and the change must be made by the existing Congress. The bill reported by the Commitee of Ways and Means has inaugurated the work, and it must be prosecuted to success. It has been criticised and denounced by those who are receiving the benefits of the existing system. The objections made by them are utterly destitute of merit. The tax proposed on incomes is but a light touch on the monumental piles of wealth, for the protection of which the government is standing guard. A just contribution would go much beyond the limit prescribed by the committee. Great Britain collects seventy millions of dollars on the incomes of her thirty millions of people, and we are not proposing to exact one-half that sum from over sixty-eight millions.

It may be impossible now to pass the bill with that feature and it may be eliminated from its provisions. But the time will come when that measure will be placed upon the statute-books, and when it is it will be much more exacting than the one now proposed. If the wealthy classes would consult the book of wisdom they would have their representatives tender it and cheerfully support it. To antagonize it, and persist in demanding the retention of a system so grossly unjust that it is prostrating the labor of the nation, is to defy all the fates at once. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land and the masses are awakening to a consciousness of their rights and to a realization of their wrongs. They are beginning to feel their power, and they will organize and attack these abuses, and when they shall have finished their work there will be nothing left to be desired.

SHOULD WE HAVE AN INCOME-TAX? NO.

IT is safe to say that the Wilson Bill has been loaded with the income-tax provisions not because thoughtful Democratic

(Continued on page 18.)

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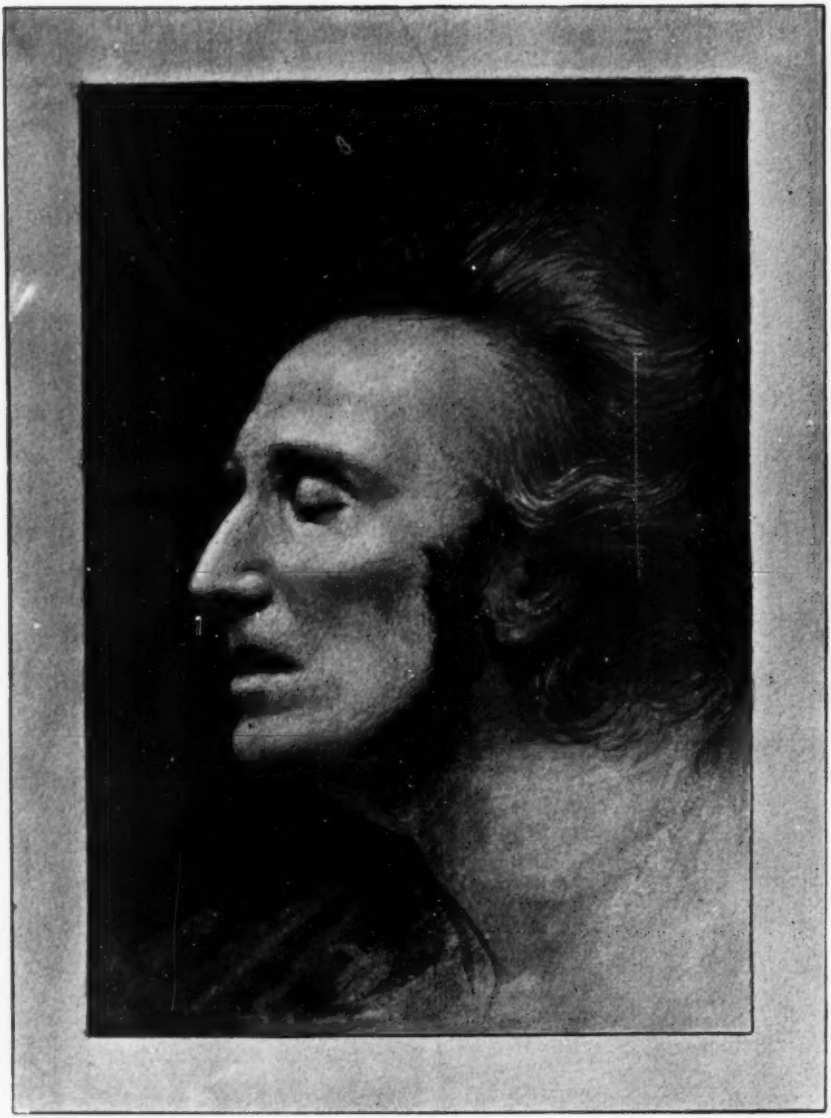

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

From the death-portrait by Burton, in the National Gallery, Dublin.